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The Literary Digest

FOR NOVEMBER 21, 1936

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Mail

In Disguise?

Sir:—"To err is human, to forgive, divine." Your recent poll is a blessing.
Miami Beach, Florida. J. W. OLSHEN.

Sir:—I am enclosing $4 . . . with faith that THE LITERARY DIGEST is all right and a great magazine. . . .
Chicago. ADAM M. BECKLEY.

Sir:—I hope the inaccurate results of this year's poll will not discourage the continuance of a service to the American public whose value is inestimable. . . .
New York City. ROBERT BARKER.

Sir:—I lost my shirt betting on your poll. Can you spare me one, size fourteen and one-half? WARREN KINCAID.
Monroe, Washington.

Sir:—You deliberately attempted to mislead the public into climbing onto the Republican band-wagon. . . . Please discontinue my subscription. RAY F. MAAG.
Homewood, Illinois.

Sir:—Enclosed is four bucks. Better luck in your next prophecy. W. McG. WHITE.
Pittsburgh.

Sir:—Evidently you belong to either the old reactionary political party or to that strange hybrid group of 1936 which calls itself the "Jeffersonian Democrats. . . ." Your kind are to be pitied rather than censured.
Detroit. MYRTA M. DREYER.

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST would seem to be discredited for future elections. However,

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please find enclosed $6 for a two-year subscription. J. E. TAPP.
Vernonia, Oregon.

Sir:—I do not think various comments as to the cause of your poll error are correct. If the election had taken place at the time your poll ended, Governor Landon would have carried the country. W. A. LANEAVE.
Crewe, Virginia.

Sir:—No amount of explanation can convince the reading public that your poll was not deliberately padded. . . . I am off you for life. L. J. WOODS.
Los Angeles.

Sir:—Your statement of the case in this morning's DIGEST is a masterpiece and inspires confidence in your honesty.
New York City. DR. LOUIS FISCHER.

Sir:—Enclosed is my check for subscription to THE DIGEST for one year. . . .
Nashville. G. R. MAYFIELD.

Sir:—The universal belief is that your test votes were fraudulent . . . fixed through manipulations . . . in which event you were the publishers of false news, a misdemeanor under the law. CHARLES E. MITCHELL.
Chicago.

Sir:—Don't be discouraged by the failure of your obviously honest poll. . . . Now that the election is over, we are all for President Roosevelt. . . . I enclose check for renewed subscription. (DR.) J. H. JACOBSON.
Los Angeles.

[From hundreds of letters received, we find that most of our readers are liberally endowed with those estimable virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity.

For those who are not, we can only paraphrase those lines of Pope: we are decidedly human; we wish they might be divine.—*Editor.*]

Score for Neurotics

Sir:—As a paranoic and a grade A neurotic of some years' standing, I was cheered by your article in defense of our better American psychopaths; I feel we may definitely reclaim our own.

Mark Twain, I think, once rallied to our cause with the observation that we are all of us crazy one way or another. The difference between people, he thought, was merely that they were crazy in different ways. But his excellent concept slipped out of sight with the coming of Freud, who pointed to our repressed desires and the emotional lift we got out of brushing our hair. Some of us have had to buy lighthouses or join the Foreign Legion.

Reassurance from the good Doctor Bisch to the rest of us comes none too soon.
Los Angeles. MELVIN A. WISE.

[Various editors of THE LITERARY DIGEST tested themselves with Doctor Bisch's chart (October 31 issue). The results confirm Mark Twain's worst fears.—*Editor.*]

Roma Wines

Sir:—We have read with interest the article, "America Gets Bid: Drink Native Wines," in the October 24 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. While we are heartily in favor of the major part of its contents, we are compelled to point out that . . . your failure to cite our firm not only hurts our pride but seriously damages our reputation.

Not only is the Roma Wine Company, Inc., the largest winery in the country; but with its plants at Lodi, Santa Lucia and Manteca, it can be considered, from the view-point of technical equipment and productive capacity, the largest winery in the world.

ALBERT MICACCHI,
Technical Adviser of the By-Products Division.
New York City.

[*A la vostra salute,* Roma.—*Editor.*]

Pro Football

Sir:—Anent your article, "Pro Football Versus Collegiate," in the October 31 issue:

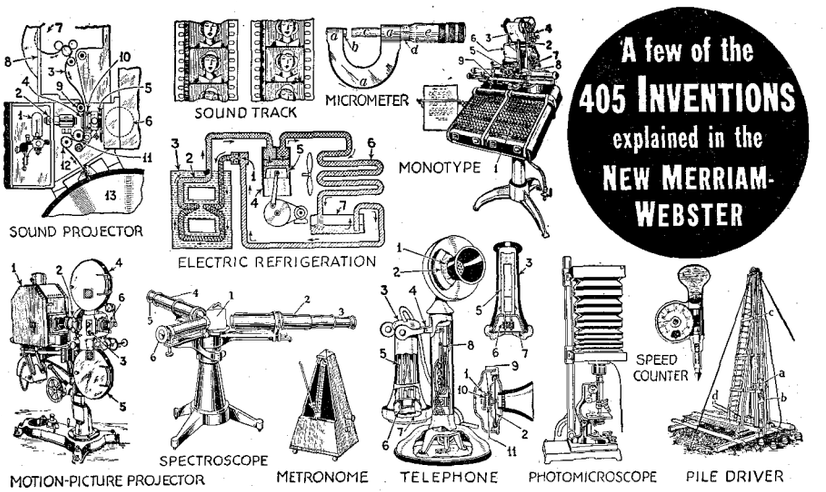
Here lies the solution to the problem of overemphasis, proselyting and general greed for gold for which the press has been slamming the college game.

Perhaps in a few years there won't be any need for colleges to hire boys to play for them. No sense having a $40,000 back-field doing its stuff for a $500 gate. Professional baseball just about ruined college baseball. Maybe the pros will do the same for college football.
Hartford, Connecticut. DOUGLAS FELLOWS.

And Amateur

Sir:—In the Sports column of the November 7 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, several Negro colleges were given a high rating in the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

(Continued on page 43)



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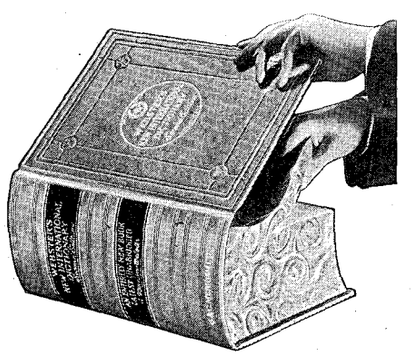

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By CHARLES EARLE FUNK

Editor, "What's the Name, Please?" Department of The Literary Digest

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 21, 1936

Topics of the day

BLACK CLOUDS OVER TAMPA MEETING

A. F. L. Opens Its Convention With Bitter Disagreements

"I predict that the next step will be the calling of a formal conference at which the independent organization, headed by Mr. Lewis, will be formally launched."

Thus did William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, admit last week that twelve months of stalling, wheedling and threatening had utterly failed to heal the bitterest schism in American labor history.

How to proceed was no longer his problem alone.

It would be shared by some 500 serious-faced delegates who gathered in the traditionally non-union city of Tampa, Florida, this week for the Federation's annual convention.

Election Gains—Aside from the black cloud of insurgency which hung over the waving palms of Plant Park, where the convention assembled, the delegates could not have gathered under more favorable circumstances. Only a few days before, President Roosevelt had interpreted his election sweep as a mandate from the people for "safe and healthful places of work, adequate care and support when incapacitated by reason of accident, industrial disease, unemployment or old age; reasonably short working hours, adequate annual incomes, proper housing and elimination of child labor."

He had predicted that "this coming year should be an outstanding one in the annals of labor legislation."

The National Conference on Labor Legislation, comprising Labor Commissioners from thirty-nine States, had gone on record as favoring a Constitutional Amendment that would "permit without question effective State and Federal minimum-wage legislation."

Labor's Non-Partizan League, flushed by the success of its campaign to solidify the ranks of workers behind the reelection of President Roosevelt, had announced that it would set up National and State Legislative Committees, or lobbies, to push a broad program of liberal legislation.

Miner Against Miner—But the black cloud effectively screened out these rays of sunshine. Within the year that had elapsed since the Federation's last convention, John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, had organized his Committee for Industrial Organization, with the avowed purpose of rounding up workers in mass-production industries, such as steel and rubber, into great industrial unions.

For thus establishing a "dual" organization and for "fomenting insurrection," the United Mine Workers and the nine other unions which had joined the C.I.O. were suspended by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. These nine are the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; International Ladies Garment Workers Union; United Textile Workers; Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers; International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers; Federation of Flat Glass Workers; Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers; United Automobile Workers International Union; United Rubber Workers International Union.

The two groups drifted farther apart despite continual talk of peace, despite the alinement that had marked Election day. Lewis would not talk peace until the Council lifted its suspension order.

The Executive Council, bulwarked by powerful craft-union leaders who resented invasion of their jurisdictions by the upstart C.I.O., refused stubbornly to give ground. No sooner had Green made his gloomy prediction last week, than another bolt hurled by the bulky miner crashed into the sparsely furnished offices of the Federation.

It was a summons for William Green to appear before his own union, the United Mine Workers, to answer charges of conspiring to throw that organization out of the A. F. L.

This move to deprive the Federation leader of his membership in a union and thus make him ineligible for reelection to office in the Federation was an illustration

Acme

William Green

GREEN'S POSITION

The attitude of William Green and the Executive Council of the Federation is that the rights of the craft-unions must be respected. They resent attempts to force a change of attitude upon the craft-union leaders, arguing that if modification is necessary, it must come through the action of a majority of the Federation's members.

Mr. Lewis's group, they charge, was organized "to foster and maintain a dual organization, and is guilty of fomenting insurrection in the American Federation of Labor." They feel that the unions which trailed in the wake of the United Mine Workers were guilty of breach of contract with the Federation, and were offering their allegiance to an organization which obviously was attempting to usurp the duties of the A. F. L.

On the eve of the C.I.O.'s invasion of the steel industry last June, William Green rushed an indignant note to his rival:

"You have made it impossible for the American Federation of Labor to unite and solidify its forces in support of an organizing campaign in the steel industry. . . . The issue involved, which has grown out of the controversy you raised, is: Shall the Federation be maintained and preserved? Shall it be divided or shall it be solidified? I am seeking to maintain it intact and united. This is the basis for every action I have taken. . . ."

The question is not one of industrial unionism as opposed to craft-unionism, Green holds. "It is solely a question of democratic procedure and majority rule."

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John L. Lewis

LEWIS'S POSITION

Lewis's defense of the schism he had engineered was elaborately presented two weeks ago in his Committee's report on events of the last year. In November, 1935, it declared, newly formed unions in mass-production industries were "suffering severely" from the "do-nothing" policies of the craft-union leaders in the A. F. L. It charged that the fledgling United Automobile Workers, for example, had been left to find its wings as best it could, without practical help from the Federation.

Segregation of workers into crafts had imperiled a promising organization movement in the rubber industry in 1934. Not even a beginning had been made toward organizing the steel industry.

Then the C.I.O. had stepped in. Its field workers had welded the United Automobile Workers and had helped the union double its membership. Its organizers and money were mainly responsible for the tenfold increase in the membership of the United Rubber Workers. It credited its own campaign among steel employees with the advance in wages announced last week. Because the pay increase was based on fluctuations in the cost-of-living index, however, Lewis flatly rejected it.

The report concluded bluntly: "Even if the Executive Council should decide to lift the suspensions . . . they would merely have restored the situation which originally impelled the formation of the C.I.O. The basic question of how the A. F. L.'s policies should be adapted to make possible the organization of the tens of millions of those now outside the movement would still remain to be settled. That is the most important problem confronting American labor-unions."

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Labor serves notice that its own New Deal is long overdue

of the high feeling on both sides of the controversy.

Dilemma—Faced with such an array of charges, counter-charges, petty jealousies and high ambitions, the Tampa convention could make one of three uncomfortable moves:

It could bow to the blustering, domineering tactics of the most ambitious leader of labor to-day and rescind the suspension order.

It could uphold the Executive Council, ratify the order—and then resign itself to a permanent split in labor and years of family quarreling.

It could make a last desperate attempt at face-saving by appointing a special committee to coax John L. Lewis into some sort of compromise.

But regardless of the outcome of the knock-down, drag-out scrap between the C. I. O. and the A. F. L., it was obvious that American Labor stood this week on the threshold of an era of progress such as it had never known before.

It was reported that President Roosevelt had asked certain governmental agencies to look into the possibility of new legislation that would embody the principal features of the dead NRA: a higher standard of working conditions, abolition of child labor, insurance of the workers' right to organize and to bargain collectively.

Lobby List—Representatives and Senators were confident that when they arrive in Washington next January to begin the first session of the Seventy-fifth Congress, they will meet a highly organized labor lobby making specific demands for:

1. A thirty-hour week.
2. A substitute for the Guffey Coal Control Act, which was invalidated by the Supreme Court.
3. A licensing system for all businesses engaging in interstate commerce, the licenses to be given only to those enterprises which fulfill certain minimum-wage and hour requirements.
4. The broadening of the social security program to provide a form of socialized medicine for workers in low-income groups.
5. A change in the Social Security Act which would require employers to pay the full cost, not only of unemployment insurance, but of old-age pensions as well.

Congressmen were aware also that behind this program would be the shaggy head and booming voice of John L. Lewis, whom labor leaders and political dopesters are already picking as a Presidential candidate in 1940 on a straight Labor ticket.

"He would like to be President of the United States," writes Cecil Carnes in his "John L. Lewis: Leader of Labor," published last week. "He has repeatedly turned down Republican offers of Cabinet positions.

"Just before the last Republican convention, he was approached on the possibility of becoming the nominee for the Vice Presidency. . . .

"The prospect of leading perhaps 30,000,000 voters does not frighten him. It would seem to be far enough in the future for him to get set for it, in any event. . . . In the immediate future he has much to gain by supporting Mr. Roosevelt. It is a certainty that he will never sell out his following for the pound of flesh that is a Cabinet job. In return for this aid, President Roosevelt must help John L. Lewis to control the labor movement and to bring more liberal laws, dedicated to the emancipation of labor."

Press Comment—Editorial writers had no sanguine expectations of Labor's rift being patched up at Tampa.

"The prospect is a permanent division of Labor into rival organizations," thought the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.).

"Mr. Lewis has placed himself in the position of being the chief obstacle in the way of a prompt and satisfactory settlement of the differences," Washington *Labor* charged.

But the Utah *Labor News* retorted with: "Regardless of what happens, the Labor movement will place the responsibility for the splitting of the Federation directly upon the shoulders of the Federation Executive Council, where it belongs."

"Undoubtedly the results of the national election have stiffened John L. Lewis in his no-compromise attitude . . . yet it is these same results with the opportunity they spell for a united labor movement that make the now seemingly inevitable disunity so tragic," Philadelphia *Labor Record* lamented.

And the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.) summed up: "There is not room for both of them (Lewis and Green), in their present mood, in the family circle of the Federation."

SOCIAL SECURITY: Task of Enrolling 25,000,000 Workers and Their Employers Is Begun

In fifty-six field offices sprawled over the United States, typewriters clattered, telephones rang, nimble fingers sorted and pigeon-holed sacks of mail as the Social Security Board this week began the gigantic task of registering millions of employers for the national old-age pension plan.

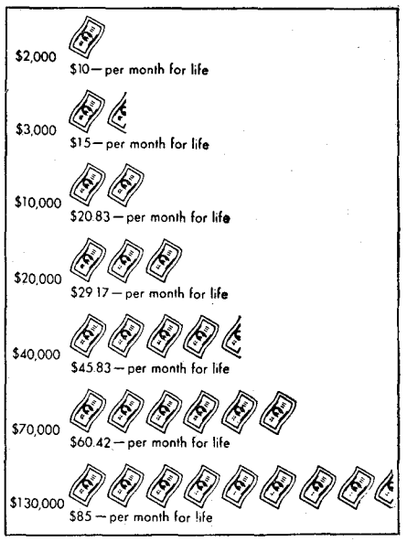
Next week employees all over the country will fill out applications for inclusion in the plan, to which they and their employers will start contributing on January 1. For three years thereafter, the employee will contribute one per cent. of his pay, the employer one per cent. of his payroll, whereupon the rate will gradually rise.

The act will apply to fully half of America's fifty million workers; the traditional butchers, bakers and candlestick makers are all included. Certain classes of workers are, however, excluded, and there comes the rub. Among the excluded are farmers and casual laborers, workers for non-profit religious, scientific, educational, and charitable organizations, Federal, State and local government jobholders, domestic servants in private homes and crews of vessels documented under the laws of the United States or foreign countries.

In so vast and varied a country as the United States, these broad principles leave puzzled millions scratching their heads. Endless are the ways in which Americans make their livelihoods, and the groups into which their employment and other interests divide them are huge. When any group is dubious of its standing under the Act, it means thousands of personal calls and written and telephoned queries for the field offices.

Among the more perplexed groups thus far have been the following:

Farmers and Domestic Workers: *Q.* Will they be excluded from the old-age pension program all their lives? *A.* Not at all. If, before they reach sixty-five, they turn to employment which is not excluded—and being Americans they are not unlikely to



Your old age benefits (each bill represents $10): total wages received after December 31, 1936, and prior to age sixty-five, not counting wages from a single employer in excess of $3,000 annually

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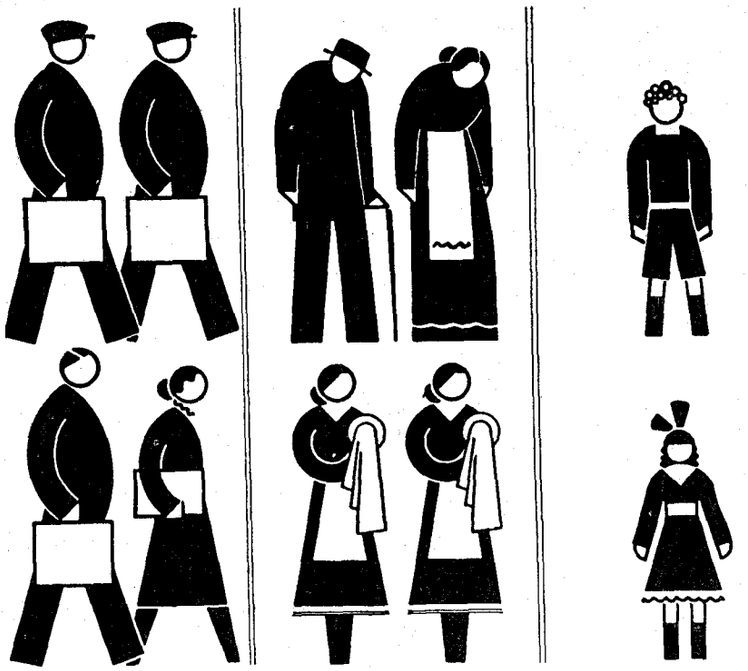
America Under Social Security Laws



GAINFULLY OCCUPIED (Includes those normally employed but now jobless) 38 million men 11 million women	NOT GAINFULLY OCCUPIED 5 million men 31 million women	CHILDREN UNDER 16 19 million boys 19 million girls
Eligible for: 1. Federal Old-Age Benefits. 2. Unemployment Compensation. 3. Maternal, Child Health Services. 4. Public Health Services. 5. Vocation Rehabilitation.	Eligible for: 1. Aid to Needy Aged. 2. Aid to Needy Blind. 3. Maternal, Child Health Services. 4. Public Health Services. 5. Vocation Rehabilitation.	Eligible for: 1. Aid to Dependent Children. 2. Maternal, Child Health Services. 3. Services to Crippled Children. 4. Child Welfare Services. 5. Public Health Services.

Prepared by Informational Service, Social Security Board, Washington, D. C.

change their jobs—they will immediately become eligible.

Commission Salesmen: *Q.* Does a house-to-house brush salesman or an automobile agent contribute to the plan? *A.* Both he and his employer contribute if he works for one concern. If he works for several concerns on his own time he comes under the classification of casual labor and is ineligible.

Aliens: *Q.* Does the Social Security Act apply to them? *A.* Yes, unless they fall into one of the specifically excluded groups; citizenship has nothing to do with eligibility.

Actors: *Q.* Can radio crooners, movie stars and Broadway matinée idols draw benefit payments from *Uncle Sam?* *A.* Yes. The producer for whom the actor works pays the employer tax while the actor works. During the time he is unemployed, which for the average actor is most of the time, they ruefully admit no one pays any tax.

The Wary: *Q.* If Mrs. John Jones, married and forty-two, has told her boss that she is unmarried and twenty-two, will he see her application blank and discover the horrid truth? *A.* Not if she is shrewd. She can hand her blank to a mail-carrier or address it to her local postmaster and drop it in a mail-box. What the boss doesn't know need never hurt her.

The Self-Employed: *Q.* Can a free-lance writer or painter, or the owner and manager of an unincorporated corner drug store, expect a pension? *A.* No. Those who do not work for an employer are excluded from the benefits.

The Tipped: *Q.* In the case of waiters, bell-boys, door-men and so on, are tips included in the wage on which the tax is based? *A.* Not when they are given in a way difficult to account for; the shorter answer, therefore, is No. But when a restaurant adds a stated service charge on a bill, thus making the tip easily accounted for, the answer is Yes.

Ambitious Part-Time Workers: *Q.* If a boy carries ice or does similar work during the summer to pay his way through college, will he take his place among the eligible? *A.* Yes. And if, after he leaves college, he enters one of the excluded services—if he becomes a school-teacher, for example—his old-age pension will be based solely on the wages he thus earned as an undergraduate or graduate student at college.

While these questions were bedeviling particular groups, a broader question was spreading across the country at large. The United States Supreme Court is now making up its mind whether it is constitutional for New York State to tax employers for the benefit of the unemployed.

If the Justices decide that it is not constitutional, what will they have to say about taxing employers, as well as employees, for the benefit of the elderly, as the U. S. Government sets out to do?

CONTEST PRIZES: Twenty Million Americans Lured by $12,000,000 Annual Offers

"Do you want to win $12,000,000?"

More than 20,000,000 Americans answer "yes" every year. Then they scan newspapers and magazines, clip coupons, listen to the radio, pencil in hand, and answer the hundreds of annual contests.

Latest sponsor in the lucrative field is Spud cigarettes, offering Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool" of the ether waves. For one-half hour every Saturday evening, the comedian, for a rumored $5,000 a performance, will ask listeners to send in jokes, gags, funny sayings. Those selected will receive five prizes of $100; another two hundred will receive $5 apiece.

Contests in the United States, according to Gilson VanderVeer Willets, Director of National Contest Headquarters in San Francisco, represent an approximate yearly outlay of $137,000,000, divided among advertising, administration and prizes.

"Regulars" number 8,000,000. They have their own "language," magazines, literature, clubs, emblems and types. A woman stenographer of Anderson, Indiana, claims to have won $25,000 in three years. Another housewife of Palo Alto, California, averages $2,000 annually. A Cleveland sales executive boasts of winning a contest every ten days. Roy McCardell, writer, "the first professional contest-winner," amassed $30,000 from the work and retired.

Scope — There are some twenty general types of contests, with several hundred variations, including photography, art, literature, cross-word puzzles, recipes, word-building, numeral paths, letters and statements.

In ten-years' activity, Willets has contacted all principal winners; 10,000 he claims to address by their first names. In his files are listed more than 2,500,000 of the regular participants. His youngest correspondent is ten, his oldest ninety-three.

Each June, ten consistent winners are chosen as "All-American Contestors." The first group was named in 1930; to date, forty-one have appeared on the list. From all walks of life, this group has already won more than $500,000. Wilmer Shepherd, of Philadelphia, twice in the preferred class, now runs a school to teach others how to win prizes.

Awards range from wrist-watches to free trips to Europe, with cash prizes the most common; $25 to $25,000 is the extreme range here, with $5,000 the favored top cash award. Among the many varieties of merchandise prizes sought by contest fans are loaves of bread, lunch-kits, golf hose, bicycles, motor-boats, radio sets, motorcycles and expensive automobiles.

Volume—More than 900,000 persons wrote letters to a tobacco company in one week; 500,000 letters answered a St. Louis brewery contest. More than 1,250,000 camera enthusiasts entered an international photography competition, another quarter million housewives wrote slogans for a condensed milk advertiser and 162,000 boys deciphered secret messages for a maker of rubber footwear.

Camay Soap conducts an annual contest, contributions to describe the best features of the product. The winner receives $1,000 a year for life. This year the Quaker Oats Company ran a contest demanding that

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Certified Contest Service . . . link between sponsors and the public

writers choose one of the Dionne Quintuplets, saying why she was the most outstanding of the five. The winner received $10,000.

Specialized journals are written by, of and for contest entrants. In them can be found every secret of successful competing written by consistent winners. Skeletonized data are given on all current competitions and helpful books.

The principal of these monthly magazines are: *The Contest Magazine, Nuggets, The Contest News, Healy's Contest Bulletin, The Monthly Contest Guide* and *Contest World*. The last named is the only one to list its circulation—7,197. On the Pacific Coast, the San Francisco *News* (Scripps-Howard) has published more than 1,000 columns of "National Contest News," while in the South and Midwest, many daily and weekly columns are written and radio programs given for the benefit of those interested in contests.

Profits — From the Sixth Annual All-American Contest, completed this summer, three winners in various fields show how wide-spread the contest fever is—and how profitable!

Take Miss Hazel Manley, a radio entertainer and news reporter of Union City, Tennessee. She started contesting in 1930, and by May 16, 1935, had won 317 prizes valued at $12,000, including five automobiles. During 1934 alone, she won 143 cash and nineteen merchandise prizes valued at $4,323.80, including two automobiles.

James E. Power, Baltimore sales manager, started in 1933 and within two years won seventy-six prizes valued at $4,962, including two automobiles. In the first five years she tried her luck, Mrs. Carolyn Converse, of Antigo, Wisconsin, a housewife, won forty-five prizes valued at $7,305.

On the thirty-fourth floor of the R.C.A. Building, New York, is an office from which many of the contests are handled.

This is Certified Contest Service, in business only a few months, yet already the contacting link between more than thirty national sponsors and the contest public.

Headed by Miss Helen King and Jack Todd, the firm receives all contest letters, subjects them to six processes before a final judgment is made. Expenses run from $100 to $1,500 a week, depending on the size of the contest.

Theme — "What National Broadcasting Company means to our family" is a current subject, employing a large staff of letter-openers and filers. To celebrate its tenth anniversary, the Broadcasting Company is asking this question over 101 stations. Best replies will win five large console radios, twenty-five radio-tube kits. One hundred words is the limit.

The average contest draws about 45,000 letters a month; others which run over longer periods average 15,000 replies a week. Heaviest weeks in a long contest are the final fortnight.

Asked by an inquisitive matron when was the best time to enter a contest, Miss King replied:

"If people were smart, they'd send in letters the first week. Oh, yes—we open them all—but competition is not so great at the beginning."

CAMPAIGN PARADOX:

The Party Buying Most Radio Time Has Always Lost

Now that the blatant blare of radio politics has faded, leaving the air once again to the crooners' comparatively soothing gurgles, two facts remain to cheer and puzzle the masters of the ether:

1. Apparently, if a party wishes to win, it must be sure the *other* outfit has the most time on the air; in the last three elections, the party with the most time lost.

2. Radio brings out the votes as no other single factor; in the last four elections, the number of voters has increased in proportion to the number of listeners-in; in sixteen years of radio, the electoral total has been nearly doubled.

1920—Sixteen years ago, on the night of November 2, weak signals coming through crude crystal sets into a handful of earphones announced the returns showing the election of Warren G. Harding. Experimental apparatus housed in the Pittsburgh garage of Dr. Frank Conrad, of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, served pioneer Station KDKA.

Something new was being introduced to the world—something new not only in the entertainment field, but also in politics.

From that experimental broadcast of election returns, when a mere 26,705,346 voted, radio had advanced to such a stage by 1924 that it was able to cover the national political conventions.

1924-36—In Cleveland, where Calvin Coolidge was nominated, and in New York's Madison Square Garden, where the Smith-McAdoo feud resulted in the naming of John W. Davis, Maj. Andrew White, Graham McNamee and Ted Husing, all of them later to become famous sports announcers, functioned at the microphones. Eighteen small stations on the WEAF and WJZ chains carried the tidings.

Significant—29,022,261 persons rallied to the polls that year.

By 1928, radio politics was on a business basis. Both major parties bought time, most of the country listened in.

Significant—36,879,414 persons voted that year.

By 1932, the Columbia Broadcasting System had entered the field; national network time had increased from 96 hours to 125; there were more radio sets in more homes.

Significant—39,816,522 cast their ballots that year.

By 1936, the Mutual Broadcasting System had claimed a share of increased business; NBC had more chains; broadcasting stations generally had become more powerful; 22,000,000 families had radios—more than three times the number in 1928; the two major parties bought 173 hours' time.

Significant—nearly 45,000,000 voted.

Moral—So far, that has been the story: More votes equal more business. This year, it is estimated, more than $2,000,000 rolled into the bank-accounts of radio stations, tho the net profit, if any, was greatly reduced by the consequent loss of regular commercial programs, and by operating expenses. The networks carried the national conventions as non-commercial sustaining programs—an item which cost NBC alone $265,457.

But the chains were elated. For tho they were willing to admit that such factors as the increase in population, the growing intensity of feeling on economic questions, the Roosevelt personality and the Farley enterprise had played their part in rolling up the record vote, they pointed to the steady increase, claimed their full share of credit for making America vote-conscious.

Paradox—It remains one of the paradoxes of the whole phenomenon that radio's best customers can not share its elation.

In 1928, the Democrats bought 52½ hours' time to the Republicans' 42½—and lost. Four years later the G.O.P. used 73 hours' spellbinding to keep Hoover in the White House, but 51½ hours of Democratic persuasion swept him out. This year, Chairman Hamilton found 97½ hours "inadequate," but the New Deal found 70 ample.

Probably the Communists, who this year bought 3¾ hours from NBC, wish the paradox extended all the way down the line. If it did, Earl Browder would be President-elect.

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HUSKIEST HUSKER: Iowan Wins Corn Belt Championship as 140,000 Spectators Cheer

Yellow field-corn, an ear a second, rapped against bangboards atop tractor-drawn wagons one day last week, as eighteen wind-tanned Midwestern farmers whipped wiry arms and wrists, yanking husks clean, ripping corn from stalks standing in long double rows, and tossing the ears high over their shoulders.

Across the muddy fields of Alva Oyler's Licking County, Ohio, farm, the corn-huskers raced for eighty minutes, while 140,000 persons (more than ever saw a football game or prize-fight) cheered their favorites on. Like the contenders in the National Corn-Husking Championship, the crowd had come from the Big Nine, the Corn Belt States—Iowa, Illinois, South Dakota, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Indiana, Nebraska and Ohio.

Pictures, Inc.

Farmer athlete . . . takes his brother's title

Corn was poor this year in most States, and some of the brawny huskers were out of practise.

Muddy Field — Even Farmer Oyler's 100 acres of corn lay bedraggled by rain and a just-melted eight-inch snow. None of the high-booted crowd expected the shuckers to beat the record of 41.5 bushels set by twenty-seven-year-old Elmer Carlson last year.

Twisting through the heavy gumbo, showing off, were tractors and mechanical corn-pickers. Farm implement manufacturers had a field-day, with booths and tents to show their wares. Concession-tents sprawled where buxom farm women from neighborhood churches handed out thick slabs of pie, meaty sandwiches and hot, strong coffee to the milling crowds.

Since the night before, the spectators had been pouring into Licking County, one of Ohio's richest farm districts. State highway patrolmen mounted on polo ponies guided the 45,000 automobiles into a score of parking-lots, directing farm families to the scene of the modern husking-bee.

But no red ears or girls to be kissed before a merry circle of huskers were a part of this contest. Science has bred out red ears from the maize that was once the staple crop of Colonial farmers. And a modern athletic contest atmosphere has come over the huskings started thirteen years ago at the suggestion of Henry Wallace, then Editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, Des Moines, Iowa. Radio-broadcast trucks, newsreels, sport writers and ballyhoo came last week to the Oyler farm. There were even pickpockets, who husked two score farmers' pockets in the mêlée.

Some huskers were leapers, some had trick motions to save time. One, Carl Carlson of Iowa, thirty-eight-year-old brother of last year's champion, Elmer Carlson, was a plodder, cool under fire.

Victor—It was past sundown before the weighmaster, the gleanings weighers, husk weighers and other officials had found Carl was the winner. His score was a little more than twenty-one bushels.

"I wish those Hollywood folks would make a corn-husking movie, and hire us as actors," said Elmer. "So do I," said Carl.

COLUMNISTS STUDY NEW DEAL TREND

Speculate on Whether Roosevelt Will Veer to Right or Left

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, United Feature Syndicate, Inc.: "Now that the roar and smoke of the Election have subsided, the chief question in the mind of the country is: Which way Roosevelt?

"Will he go left or right? Will he continue on a radical-liberal course? Or will he become more conservative? To give an inclusive and categorical answer to this question would be sheer pretense and bluff, for the reason that Roosevelt himself probably does not know now just what attitude he will take on all issues. The best answer is that Roosevelt will continue about as he has. . . .

"Roosevelt is best as a broken-field runner. He can zigzag and dodge, but he keeps his goal-posts pretty well in sight. And through one play or another, he makes progress toward them. That is more or less what he is going to do for the next four years. He may yield here, or pull his punches there, according to the reaction of public opinion. But you can mark it down in the book that he will continue a definite Left-of-Center course along the general line he has followed so far."

Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Feature Service, in twenty-three newspapers: "The most futile question now being asked is: 'Will President Roosevelt go to the Left or to the Right?' The question is futile because it doesn't mean anything. What is Left? What is Right?

"President Roosevelt is settling down to bring the budget into closer balance. It will be said, therefore, that he is moving to the Right. Immediately thousands, hearing that he is going to the Right, will jump to the conclusion that he is throwing overboard his program of social and economic readjustment. Which is far from the case. . . .

"Any one who attempts to explain Mr. Roosevelt in terms of moving to the Left or to the Right will wind up with a description which sounds like some kind of trick dance—one step to the Left, two to the Right, side-step. These terms 'Left' and 'Right' are importations from European politics. They add only confusion when dragged into American political discussion, at least with reference to Mr. Roosevelt."

David Lawrence, New York *Sun* and 160 other newspapers: "The corporate surplus tax may result in increases, for the next year or so at least, in the expenditures of corporations and in less money for the tax-collector than was anticipated. Many a corporation will say to itself, after some figuring, that it is better to invest, for a year or more anyway, in the good-will that results from pay increases and from a contribution to the general level of contentment than it is to build up a surplus and pay a heavy tax or pile up more earnings for dividend distribution than is absolutely necessary to keep stockholders satisfied.

"This may result in improving the lot of the low-income groups, which may be one answer to the uprising in the last Election, but it will also compel a readjustment of the tax structure, because the Government has depended on the corporate surplus tax for some huge revenues."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines *Register and Tribune* Syndicate, in forty-five newspapers: "The tax on corporate surpluses will be revised. . . . It will not be repealed. The Hoover nuisance taxes are going to be repealed as soon as revenue from the surplus taxes catches up with outgo. . . . Income tax rates will remain the same or be eased in the lowest brackets. . . . The majority of businesses will find their taxes less burdensome as a result of . . . prosperity."

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "A wholesale reorganization of the Cabinet is not now and never has been seriously considered. The Cabinet is generally regarded by Mr. Roosevelt's good friends, who are not personally biased, as far from the best the country ever had. No more than three or four were of any great benefit to the President in the campaign. A gradual reorganization will take place within the next two years, due to individual replacements from time to time, made after retirements caused by mind and body. But these will make no more difference in establishing the policy, complexion or direction of Mr. Roosevelt than a reorganization of White House door-men."

Frank R. Kent, Baltimore *Sun* and McNaught Syndicate, Inc.: "Mr. Roosevelt does not become right just because he won. Those who opposed him from conviction will hope sincerely he makes it possible for them to support him. If now, with added power and prestige, he sloughs off his shrill radical advisers, devotes himself to getting us back on an even keel, abandons his vengeful attitude toward business and restores orderly administration, he will have a right to expect and will be entitled to the support of those who opposed him—particularly of the anti-New Deal Democrats. Such support under such conditions would not only be due, but it would be merely enlightened selfishness to give it. But there was in his campaign and there has been since the Election no indication that such will be his course."

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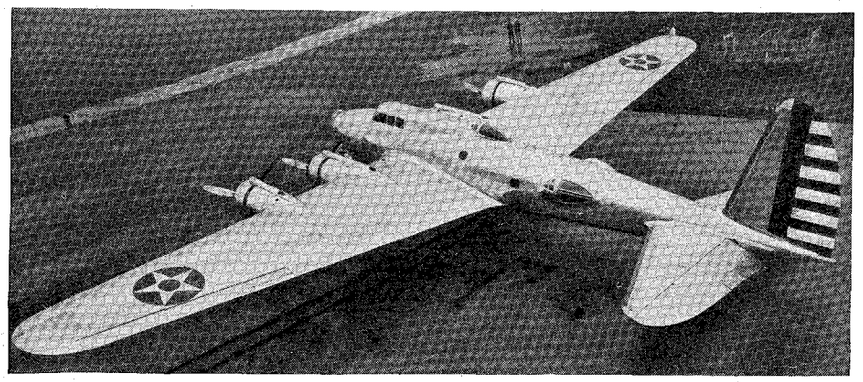
EXPORT OF U. S. WAR-PLANES BANNED

Britain to Make Own Fighting Units, Import Commercial Ships



"Flying fortress": Boeing's sixteen-ton American Army bomber won't have Canadian cousin

Brass-hatted staff officers of the British Air Ministry went into a huddle last week. Cabled dispatches from Washington correspondents of London newspapers flashed the word that President Roosevelt, acting under the so-called Espionage Act of June, 1917, had forbidden export of any American-made war-planes which contained secrets of aeronautical design vital to Army and Navy efficiency.

Since only military aircraft in current production here are up-to-date enough for a revitalized British Royal Air Force, the White House order (which also may be drafted to preserve New World neutrality) meant in fact: no war-planes from American factories for the next two years.

Top-flight RAF officers pored over news-article clippings in their conference room atop Adastral* House. How could America help now in another hour of need and still preserve New World aloofness from an entangled Europe?

Solution—The Air Ministry's solution was obvious: All British aircraft factories must make only warcraft; necessary commercial air-planes, wanted by air-mail lines, must come from across the Atlantic.

President Roosevelt's action followed published reports from London that the Air Ministry was dickering to buy from 1,000 to 1,500 American-made fighting planes, including 300 four-engined Boeing Model 299 (YB-17) Army-type bombers and 700 Navy-type Grumman FFI two-seater fighters.

Perhaps some planes might be built in Canada, where, in Montreal, Canadian Car & Foundry Co., Ltd., last month obtained design and manufacturing rights to the American Grumman two-seater. Planes made across the border would be designed only as trainers, with 450-horse-power motors installed. To be metamorphosed into front-line fighters, only new engine mountings and cowls for installation of 750 or 1,000-horse-power engines would be needed.

American 750-horse-power engines, made in British automobile factories under license, would turn this trainer into a fighter having a top speed of 231 miles an hour.

New Bomber — At Vancouver, British Columbia, the Boeing Aircraft Co., of Seattle, has a Canadian branch factory, but that company's "flying fortress," world's most powerful long-range bomber, will not be made there. Details of its structure are "hush-hush" military secrets.

An American Army Air Corps $2,500,000 order keeps the new $250,000 Boeing plant in Seattle humming to build thirteen "flying fortresses" in record time. Nine sixteen-ton bombers are assembled at once on the 2,100,000 square feet of floor space.

Altogether, factories of the five largest flying-equipment manufacturers in the United States are working at top capacity to turn out 614 planes for the Navy and 750 more for the Army. *Uncle Sam's* own drive to refurbish his air-forces already has trebled profits of aircraft manufacturers.

Profits—Combined net profits of five companies for the first half of this year were $1,846,095, as compared with $696,146 for the first half of last year. With the greater part of the Government's orders not to be completed until the latter part of this year and the first half of 1937, the larger stock melons still are to be cut.

American aircraft exports for the first seven months this year were 32 per cent. greater than for the similar period last year, totals being $11,639,450 and $8,818,096, but these cold statistics do not show whether military or commercial planes predominated. There were 294 planes sold abroad for that period, contrasted with 199 last year, while engine exports increased from 295 to 409. Almost any aero-engine can propel a war-plane.

China was the heaviest buyer, with Japan, Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Australia, Spain, Siam, Argentina, Mexico, Ecuador, Czechoslovakia, Honduras and The Netherlands as other customers.

*Derived from *Ad Astra* ("To the Stars"), Royal Air Force motto.

NAVY CHIEF: Admiral William D. Leahy to Be in Charge of Naval Operations

A fresh-faced ensign, out of the Naval Academy less than a year, stood on the deck of the *U.S.S. Oregon* one March day in '98, facing a future that was to take him by way of two wars to the highest office in the United States Navy.

On January 1, Adm. William D. Leahy, named to the post last week by President Roosevelt, takes office as Chief of Naval Operations, succeeding Adm. William H. Standley and becoming top man of *Uncle Sam's* fighting men afloat.

As one of the *Oregon's* ninety-four—only four are still in service—Admiral Leahy began his career with a bang. For it was the *Oregon*, as naval annals proudly show, which, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, battered its way from the Pacific Coast round the Horn on a record-breaking 15,000-knot, sixty-five-day voyage to join Sampson and Schley at Santiago and participate in the brief, wild battle which destroyed Cervera's Spanish fleet. For speed and efficiency of operation, there had been nothing like that voyage; it is a badge of distinction to have been one of the ninety-four who made it.

The *Oregon* gave Admiral Leahy his first taste of war. He got his second twenty years later, when he was placed in command of the *Princess Matoika*, engaged in convoying troops and supplies through the Atlantic war-zones. Between times, assorted rebellions in China, the Philippines and elsewhere had occupied his time, and a steady march through the grades from ensign up had featured his career.

Last June, made Commander of the Battle Force of the United States Fleet, he placed the gilt insignia of a full Admiral on the sleeve of his regulation double-breasted monkey-jacket—a two-inch stripe topped by three half-inch stripes and a five-pointed gold star.

New Duties—An Admiral he will remain during his four-year term as Chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations, but his authority will outweigh that of the Navy's three other full Admirals. His new job will correspond to that of the Army's Chief-of-Staff.

Navy, Naval Reserve and Marine Corps all fall under his jurisdiction; maneuvers, exercises, repairs and alterations, organization of the fleet, supply of personnel and countless other matters all call for his supervision; in the last analysis, he is the man who runs the Navy.

Largely administrative in character, the duties of the position are performed in an office of the State, War and Navy Building. But the Chief of Naval Operations must from time to time witness the operations of the fleet, and there is a feeling that Admiral Leahy will witness them as often as possible. The current ditty which laments that "the Admiral has never been to sea" scarcely applies to the new Chief.

Sailor—His ruddy complexion bears witness to many an hour on the quarterdeck. Sailors like to think of him as a "sailor's admiral." They appreciate his tolerant readiness to find excuses when they err. Subordinate officers feel that he wears his honors lightly and never lords it over the mess. Of medium height and weight, he somehow gives the impression of being a bigger man physically than he actually is.

He has few hobbies for his off-hours. He plays middling golf and better bridge, likes a highball now and then and thinks it pretty good fun to take his seven-year-old granddaughter to the zoo. Unusually well-rounded in his knowledge of the Navy's multitudinous affairs, he is a specialist in two lines: gunnery and personnel.

He was born sixty-one years ago, in the little town of Hampton, Iowa. It is nearly a thousand miles as the crow flies to the nearest salt-water.

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RAMADAN: ISLAM'S HOLIEST MONTH

Moslems Fast by Day, Feast by Night, Rejoice Over Allah

Her eyes jet-black, large and deep, like a gazelle's, seven-year-old Zahra huddled close to her *aba*-draped mother and gazed ecstatically over the dusky horizon.

All about her, on thousands of other flat housetops, stood black-veiled women and gaily dressed children, whose guttural whispers, swart Semitic faces and tense eyes were riveted to the western sky.

It was sundown at Mecca, holy city of Islam and birthplace of the Prophet Mohammed. Only the chug of a random automobile or the gurgling of hungry camels broke the rhythmic hush of thousands of Moslem throats awaiting the new-born crescent moon of Ramadan—Islam's world-wide month of fasting and prayer.

All Mecca seemed to be out on roof-tops last Sunday, November 15,* gay and in a holiday spirit, for to its men and women Ramadan is a month of devotion, a time-gap during which the impish *jins* are enchained by the angels of Allah and the gates of Paradise are thrown open to receive the supplications of the faithful. To the children it meant thirty days of rejoicing, of toothsome table-delicacies, richly buttered rice and lamb, sweetmeats and cooling drinks of pomegranate and tamarind sherbet flavored with orange-blossom attar and rose-water, amidst clouds of aromatic sandalwood.

Paradise—Zahra, rejoicing at the thought, was dreaming of the coming paradise of *kahi, zilabia, shaar-banat* and *baklawa*, steaming platefuls of *aseeda* (beef stew) and *hulbah* (rice, meat, mint, spices, red pepper dipped in purée of herbs) and brilliant robes, as a soaring murmur broke from the lips of the roof-gazers, who strained their eyes and bent their bodies over the low parapets to catch a glimpse of the celestial harbinger of peace in Islam.

The murmur of the *hilal* (crescent) tidings softly rippled throughout the pilgrim town, electrifying worshipers at the *Kaaba*, grizzled *hadjis* and way-weary dervishes, into saintly ardor. In a few seconds, the big guns of the Sultan Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, Lord of Saudi Arabia and King of the Hejaz, boomed the twenty-one blasts that announce the advent of the blessed month—Ramadan.

Devoutly, Zahra's mother pushed back her veil, unclasped the girl's hand and beamed full in the little face, for she wished her daughter "to see the moon of Ramadan in her own face," thus courting the boon and blessing of kismet.

Around them, the whole city of Mecca was suddenly stirred from its ephemeral doldrums, and cries of jubilation filled the twilight-winking atmosphere. Simultaneously, rising over the festal din and harsh Oriental babble of Koranic devotees reciting appropriate *suras* (verses) from the Book of Allah, the voice of a slim, downy-lipped *muezzin*, robed in a snow-white tunic, intoned swelling and swooning volumes of sacred melodies, parched deserts and gently sagging valleys of vocal timbre as he circled about the belt-high balcony of his turquoise-blue minaret.

Praise—He sang the glories and praises of the Prophet Mohammed and called the faithful to success and prayer:

"*Allah akbar, la ilah illa-la . . .*" (Allah is greatest, there is no God but Allah).

Bestirring themselves, graybeards joined their younger kin and fellow worshipers and flocked to the mosques. Placidly they stroked their beards and squatted about the lustration-pond of the mosque's courtyard, pouring water from their galvanized copper ewers over their limbs and splashing their faces in accordance with the prescribed ablution-rites. Confronting the *mihrab* (wall-niche facing the Kaaba), they spread their medallioned prayer-rugs and mumbled their prayer, genuflecting synchronously and spreading their hands, palms alongside their ears.

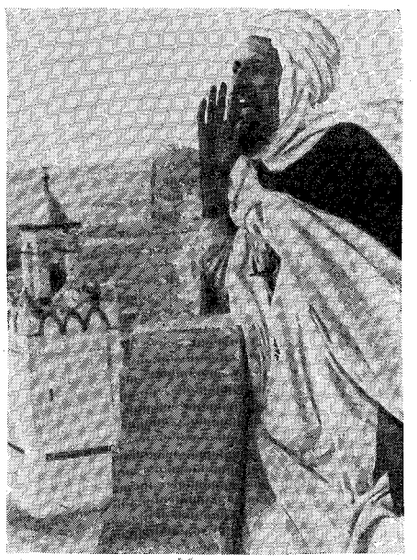
Leading them, the *imam*, bedizened in a large white turban and a flowing *jubba* (mantle), raised his voice above the congregation as he exhorted them to additional *rakahs* (rounds of genuflections), saying that the gates of *jennet* (paradise) were ajar and the angels mirthful and well-disposed to record twenty additional Moslem litanies to the credit of believers.

Mottoes—The edified multitude, piously taking in the sermon, turned their gaze at the brilliant-hued wall tapestries—gifts of pilgrim votaries from distant lands—and drank in the eloquent inscriptions and mottoes from the Koran and Hadith (sayings of Mohammed), which are woven with delicate arabesques and subtle traceries of occult meaning:

"The month of Ramadan is better than a thousand months. The very smell of the mouth of a keeper of the fast is more agreeable to Allah than the fragrance of musk."

While Mecca's 130,000 inhabitants celebrated the new-born moon of Ramadan, more than 200,000,000 Moslems in other parts of the world—160,000,000 in Asia, 44,000,000 in Africa, 5,000,000 in Europe, 20,000 in North America—joined the pious fasting caravan of Allah. In the parched deserts of Arabia and North Africa, Bedouins squatted their camels, from atop whose humps they had spied the blushing new moon. Lacking water, they obeyed the behest of the Prophet and sprinkled sand over their limbs and faces, while their women in the tent settlements ululated shrilly the advent of the Fast.

Wisely, the Founder of Islam absolves travelers, the sick and infirm and soldiers on the battle-field from fasting. They all must, however, fast an equal number of days later in the year, for Ramadan is considered the holiest and most meritorious occasion, and even the dying must



Ewing Galloway

لا اله الا الله محمد رسول الله

(There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet)

Publishers' Photo Service

To Moslems the advent of the new moon of Ramadan means a month of prayer and fasting

*According to the Moslem lunar calendar, the Fast of Ramadan begins at sight of the new moon and ends at sight of the next new moon, thirty days later. The fast, however, officially begins on November 15, altho the new moon rises on November 13. According to Dr. William H. Barton, Jr., of the Hayden Planetarium, New York, this seeming discrepancy is explained as follows: A new moon is never visible until it is about twenty-four hours old. Since the new moon appears eighteen minutes before midnight on Friday, November 13, this year, it will not be visible until Sunday night, November 15, when the fast begins at sight of the new moon.

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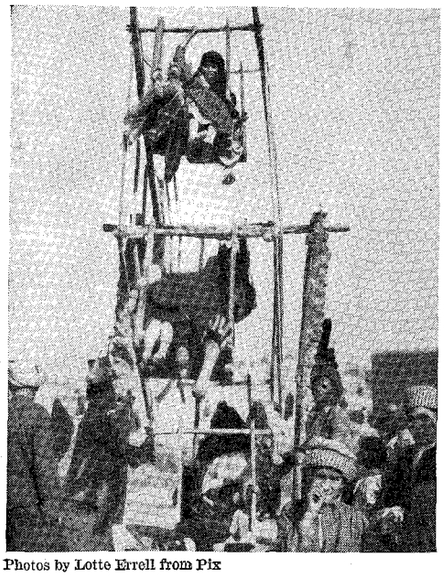

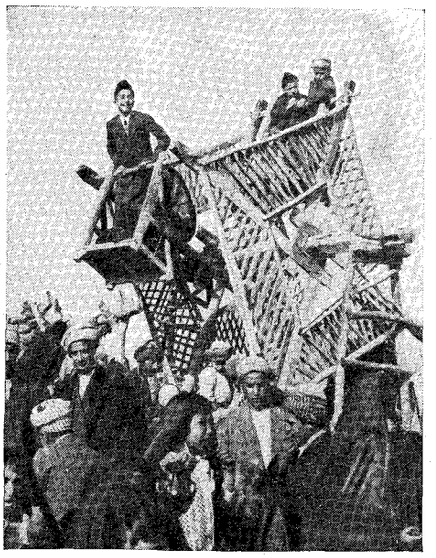

Photos by Lotte Errell from Pix

Pleasure-bent Moslems at the end of Ramadan . . . feasting and reveling last for three days

appoint substitutes to complete their fast. Children are exempted.

In the larger cities and towns of Islam —Damascus, Aleppo, Cairo, Istanbul, Jerusalem, Mecca, Bagdad, Teheran, Kabul —the food bazaars are thrown open at night, which is turned into day by the glare of electric lights that are fast replacing the sesame-oil and kerosene hammered lamps. Fruit and sweetmeat venders do a brisk business and the coffee-houses swarm with loungers wrapped in camel's-hair tunics and colorful headdress and bent on pleasure and fun.

Dervishes—Thither flock the whirling dervishes with their pitched gourds to demand the Koran-ordained *zakat* (alms) "from the bounty of Allah!", disdainfully eying the donors, who listlessly toy with their tasseled strings of amber beads and inhale deep draughts of Shiraz tobacco-fumes through the long leather tubes of their gilt *narghiles* (hubble-bubbles); and sip thick, steaming coffee from cone-shaped porcelain bowls and Ceylon tea from glass *istikans*.

To regale their revel-bent clients, coffee-house owners give night-long shows, starred by Aleppo dancing-girls who shimmy to the latest Damascus songs and evoke gurgling sighs from their audience, as they roll out the doleful *arias* to the accompaniment of the stringed music of tom-toms, zithers and the mandolin-like *oud*.

During the thirty days of Ramadan, Moslem men and women must refrain from eating, drinking, bathing, smoking and even smelling perfume. Great is his merit who can avoid swallowing his saliva or behaving grumpishly toward his fellow men.

But that only between daybreak and sundown, which the faithful must determine according to the Koran, which says: "Eat and drink, discern a white thread from a black thread by the daylight . . . then fast until night . . . and pass the time in the mosques."

Even blood-letting must be shirked during the twelve daylight hours.

Moon—Should the day be clouded and observation of the moon be impossible, the Prophet provided that the faithful count thirty days from the beginning of the previous month. Thus, in Cairo, when the sky is clear, witnesses are sent out to the surrounding deserts to spy the crescent, while sheiks and *ulemas*, musicians, fakirs and soldiers form a street procession. When the signal is given, they start a quick march to the Court of Cadi (chief judge), shouting lustily: "O blessing, O blessing! Bless ye the Prophet, on whom be peace!"

On that Night of Observation (of the moon) begins the reveling and *kaif* (rejoicing), when story-tellers pack the bazaars and Koranic readers inflame the imagination of their listeners with the chanted marvels of the Book. Beggars must be fed and sheep slaughtered for the daily *fatoor* (the first breakfast), which is announced by gun salutes and tin pans. To awaken the fasters in time for the *sahoor* (supper) which takes place between 2 and 4 A.M., a *musahhir* (crier) goes about the tortuous streets, beating his drum and sounding door-knockers as he shouts: "Be it the happiest of nights to thee, O *effendi!*" In singsong he chants, "He thrives who says: 'There is no God but Allah!'"

Feasting—Among prosperous classes, the *effendis, beys* and *pashas* of the Near East, the nights of Ramadan are occasions for sumptuous dinner-parties, which are kept up long after the *sahoor* hour. Offices are closed for the most part and only begin to open gradually after the noon hour. Not infrequently, rumor runs through the bazaars that such and such a *bey* or *pasha* is flagrantly breaking the holy ordinance, contaminated as he is by the vile practises of his European friends—the unclean curs! Fanatical *mullahs* drub the wealthy violators of Ramadan with their venomous tongues, curse them as "pigs and sons of pigs," while accepting their rich repasts and *zakat* money with oily grace.

Ritual—In Mecca, thousands of Wahabites, Persians, Afghans, Baluchis, Turks, Malayans, Indians, Russians, Chinese, Algerians, Moroccans and other African Moslems fill the gravel-strewn Kaaba Court, trudging seven times 'round and 'round the black-draped sacred stone, which contains Allah's covenant with mankind. With beatific faces, they slap their breasts and drone:

"Oh, Allah, grant us in this world good, and in the hereafter good, and save us from the punishment of fire!"

At Istanbul, where services are now read in Turkish instead of Arabic, the great one-time Christian blue-domed St. Sophia and six-spired Sultan Ahmed, are the chief favorites of the city's 500 mosques. Here Ramadan nights are quiet, for in 1934 the Kemalist Government curtailed local observance of the month of fasting by decreeing all theaters closed at 11 P.M. and all trolleys and ferries stopped at 11:30.

As the faithful stream down Jerusalem's twisted streets to converge at the sacred *Haram-esh-Sherif*, grounds of the holy Mosque of Omar, with the Wailing Wall on one side and within the rock from which Mohammed mounted into heaven, special details of police patrol the narrow cobbled ways, to keep fat-tailed sheep and reeking goats off the sacred precincts.

In India's great Moslem centers, Delhi, with its Jami Majid Mosque, whose steps ran red with blood during the 1857 Indian mutiny; in Lahore, Ahmedabad and Ajmere, giant *Sikhs* and British *Tommies* watch vigilantly lest some Hindu procession, gay with bells and music, defile the sanctity of its 60,000,000 Moslems.

Fighting—Riots in India come about frequently beeause Mohammedans believe their mosques should be places for quiet prayer and meditation, while Hindus conduct their worship with music—and often simultaneously.

Before any one knows it, a shower of stones has started, knives flash, and throats are slashed, jarring the peace of the *zenana* (women's apartments), and spilling the *tundhie* (a concoction of herb seeds mixed with sugar and pomegranate syrup) prepared to slake the peevish thirst of the pious *rozedhaars* (fasters).

In Riyadh, desert-girt Capital of Ibn Saud, the dour, fanatical Wahabite Moslems, who shun all personal and architectural embellishments as the work of the devil, Ramadan is observed with literal strictness. From dawn to dusk, the tobacco-hating Wahabites pray, contemplate and read the Koran as many times as possible. Ibn Saud himself manages to go through it five or six times during the month, in addition to listening all day to professional readers in his great *diwan* (reception hall).

At Sana, Capital of the puritanical

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Imam Yahya of Yemen, Ramadan is likewise rigidly observed, tho professional chanters of the Koran are banned because "they are likely to have a good voice and become proud or conceited, for conceit will corrupt the best of deeds."

Yemenites, however, fast the livelong day. At night they refuse to be weaned away from their favorite *ghat* twigs, whose tender leaves they chew as a substitute for coffee and tea, as it is reputed to remove the fatigue and languor of their day-long hunger.

The holiest night of Ramadan is *Lailatu'l-Quadr* (the Night of Power), usually on the twenty-seventh day, when the Koran is said to have "descended on the breast of Mohammed" propelled by the Angel Gabriel and revealed piecemeal as occasion arose. On that blissful night, Moslems believe that the gates of heaven are flung wide open and angels gyrate through the seven heavens, showering the faithful with untold bounties. Then, even the animal and vegetable kingdoms bow in humble adoration to Almighty Allah, and salt-water turns sweet.

Rejoicing—But the great rejoicing comes about during the first three days of the succeeding month (Shawwal), known as *Id al Fitr* (Festival of Fast-Breaking), *Id es Saghir* (the Lesser Festival), or Bairam. Once more the faithful gather on the roof-tops to observe the new moon, and gun blasts announce the happy end of Ramadan. Then the mosques are in full gala bunting, bearded men give each other the kiss of peace by touching opposite shoulders and listening to long sermons. The women carry long palm-boughs and basil and myrtle and rosemary leaves to lay on the tombs of their dear departed ones.

For three days, the festivities continue, a mad carouse of eating and drinking, sacrifice of sheep and cattle apportioned among the poor and needy. Young and old don their new garments and march gaily through the arched bazaars and *suks,* indulging their appetites with the choices of Oriental delicacies and confections. Enterprising amusement boosters do a rushing business among the children and grown-ups, who press one another for a place in the ramshackle wooden merry-go-rounds and Ferris-wheels.

WAR OF THE AIR: Planes in Dog Fights Over Madrid; Taunts Sent by Radio

Gen. Francisco Franco's boast that he would capture Madrid by November 1 remained only a boast when, two weeks later, and after a week of furious hammering at the gates, he was still outside them, altho on Sunday night the United Press reported that his Moors had lodged themselves in the University City, on the Madrid side of the Manzanares River.

That same night, Seville's broadcasting General, Gonzalo Quiepo de Llano, exulted:

"We are entering Madrid. I personally talked with General Franco a few minutes ago. All the Red batteries are silent. We have seized most of them. We entered from the direction of the Casa de Campo, attacking with fixed bayonets."

The full flavor of triumph was diluted, however, by his next sentence:

"The city proper will be occupied in a short time."

Royal Battle-Field—The Casa de Campo, royal park laid out by Philip II, had been a battle-ground throughout the week as General Franco's Moors tried again and again to reach the bridges across the Manzanares.

From the ornate rococo Palacio del Marqués at Valencia, 200 miles southwest of Madrid, Premier Francisco Largo Caballero, cheered by reports of munition ship arrivals at Barcelona, announced just before the Seville broadcast:

"The war is only just begun." (First shot was fired July 18.) "Only now do we have means to prosecute the war successfully. . . . Even if Madrid falls, it will be far from finished."

"City of Joy" the Arabs used to call Valencia when they took it in 714. Capital of their kingdom then, it is Capital of the Leftist Government now, tho several of the Cabinet Ministers returned to Madrid during the week, encouraged by the city's resistance, and by the arrival from Catalonia of fresh troops, many anti-Fascist Frenchmen and Italians among them.

Meantime artillery and bombing planes made Madrid a shambles.

The week was distinguished by a full-dress "dog fight," the first anywhere since the World War. High above the city, thirty planes shot in and out of clouds, looped, circled and swooped at one another for more than half an hour. Observers saw two planes fall.

Blasts—Most of the bombing raids were eminently destructive, and heavy explosions shook the whole city throughout the week. One bomb burst in the Atocha Plaza, where scores had congregated before the Ministry of Public Works, unaware that a scheduled open-air labor rally had been canceled at the last moment.

Men, women, children, mules and trees were rent in fragments. Windows in the General Hospital, near-by, overflowing with wounded, were shattered, as were others in the Anthropological Museum, the Astronomical Observatory and the Atocha Railway Station (terminus for trains to Toledo, Seville and other southern cities).

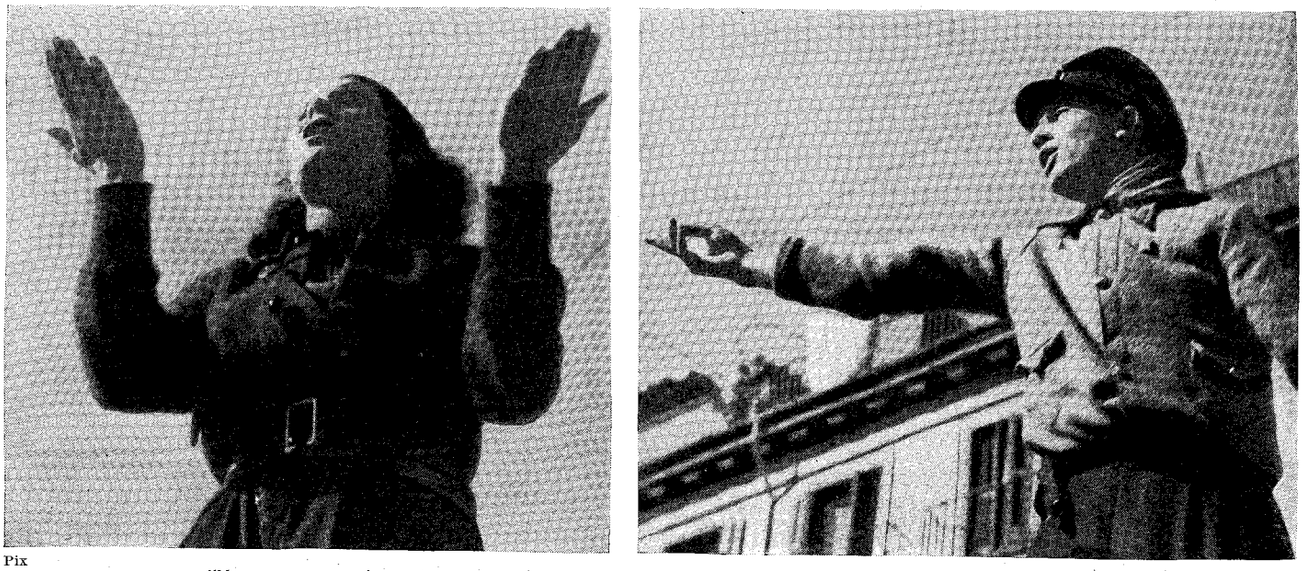
To add to the horror, one of four pairs of Corinthian columns high in the Ministry façade toppled into the crowd. Across the Plaza, the apartment of United Press Correspondent Irving Pflaum, absent in Barcelona, was wrecked.

When the screaming crowd had fled and the smoke and dust had drifted away, fragments of fifty-two dead were gathered up by police, and more than 150 wounded were taken to overworked hospitals, where many of them had to await first aid on the ground.

Windows in the American Embassy, a mile and a half to the north and packed with refugees, were sharply rattled; and the subway between the Atocha and North Stations, supposed to be bomb-proof and hitherto used as a refuge, was blown open.

Thrusts—Enraged by the slaughter, Military Gov. Gen. José Maija ordered his overall-clad Militia to "smash through the enemy." Twice they tried, once across the Manzanares River from the gardens of the former Royal Palace, and again through the Carabanchel district, near the Toledo Bridge. Both attacks were stopped by Rightist artillery firing point-blank into their ranks.

One act of heroism stood out in the ebb and flow of battle beyond the Manzanares. Led by six tanks, Rightists supported by trench-mortars and machine-guns charged the working class suburb of Sofi. As the



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"Your country needs you!" Youth recruits youth for the defense of the Leftists in Spain's endless civil war

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tanks lurched toward the Militia's barricades, a Loyalist youth, bomb in each hand, leaped over, ran toward the advancing line; threw himself flat on the ground. When the tanks, spurting fire and death, were practically upon him, he rose and hurled a grenade into each of the nearest two, killing the crews. The other four tanks turned and lumbered away, infantrymen running ahead. Wounded in the arm, the Militiaman scrambled back into his trench, a celebrity.

Meanwhile, General Franco's long line of communications through Talavera de la Reina and Toledo to the south was harassed by guerrilla bands of "Red Raiders," Loyalist Militia scattered in earlier battles, and now sufficiently reorganized to make sporadic attacks, occasionally with tanks, at weak points on the long winding road.

Time as Aid—It was evident that time was working for the Leftist Government; and that if Madrid could withstand the siege another week, General Franco might find himself perilously near the defensive.

Sole comic note, if anything in this tragedy can be called comic, were nightly revilings of General Franco by young broadcasters in Madrid.

"You're going to hell, General," one of them yelled. "But don't be afraid of hell, General. There is not half as much fire there as awaits you here in Madrid."

So vociferous were the youths, safe in some inner chamber, that even Rightist stations went off the air, listening to such wit as:

"We look on you, not as a general, but as a fat sergeant with no brains."

Beneath the *obbligato* of flamboyant claims from the Seville station and rowdy humor from the Madrid studio, the slaughter went on with interruptions only for darkness and rain. Virtually all the fighting in the air, on both sides, so far as observers could ascertain, was done by foreigners. And in New York a former unnamed major appeared, announcing that he was rounding up equipment for twenty-five American ex-War pilots to use in aid of General Franco.

LORD MAYOR: Sir George Broadbridge Takes Honorary London Office and Hears About War

Jogging along in a 200-year-old gilt coach, with a "slipper" on the hind wheels to prevent the four-ton, brakeless vehicle from running away with him, Sir George Broadbridge last week staged the annual Lord Mayor's Show as the prelude to his induction in the honorary City of London office.

The romantic pageant dates back at least 500 years to the days when, legend says, an orphan boy, discouraged by poverty and London's indifference, tucked his cat under his arm and set out along the white road from the capital. Bow bells, pealing in the ancient steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, called out:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

The youngster went back, and confided his pet to a friendly captain, who sold it for a large fortune on the Barbary Coast. Years later, when the bells' prophesy had come true, Dick Whittington was so wealthy that, as a gesture at his annual banquet, he publicly burned £60,000 worth of notes given by King Henry V. Even then the floats represented the livery companies—outgrowth of the medieval craft and charity guilds and named for their colorful garb.

This year, in defiance of custom, the parade which wound slowly through Candlewick and Billingsgate revivified Britain's military glory, depicting King Charles's long-haired officers, Cromwell's Roundheads, Wellington's gay redcoats, and modern khaki-uniformed Territorials in their armored trucks.

The City—business London—hoped to encourage army volunteers: their scarcity in a rearming world is a national scandal, and two out of three applicants must be rejected because of physical disabilities.

Sir George—As head of fourteen corporations, Sir George, a lean, loosely-built man whose thin nose and thin lips suggest Sir John Simon, holds membership in six livery companies, all represented in the pageant. He can call himself a gardener, basket-

© Harris & Ewing

London's Lord Mayor: Sir George Broadbridge

maker, carman (truck-driver), woolman (wool dealer), pavior (pavement-layer), and loriner (one who makes bits or harnesses). Colorful floats depicted all these interests of the man who began as a Brighton lawyer's clerk at a few shillings a week and, clinging to his motto of "Industry and Perseverance," piled up a tremendous fortune in Nigerian tin. He won his knighthood for developing Imperial resources.

Altho he could have retired years ago, the new Lord Mayor sticks to business: it is said he does more work with less staff than any man in London. Tennis—tho he is sixty-seven—and golf remain his sports. His hobbies include the construction of $6-a-week "flatlets" for clerks and typists.

Office—The Lord Mayor's job, which goes to London's honorary sheriffs and aldermen in seniority order, will prove unusually expensive and onerous during the Coronation year, when ceremonies and banquets alone will cost more than $150,000. Moreover, the Lady Mayoress, a pleasant, gray-eyed, golden-haired woman who is Sir George's second wife, began ordering Coronation gowns immediately after his election September 29—Michaelmas Day.

After his induction last week, the Lord Mayor, looking more loosely clothed than ever in the scarlet and ermine robes and heavy golden chain of office, presided at the banquet in the Gothic Guild Hall. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin spoke on the arms race which Britain has hectically, if belatedly, joined:

"If these armaments continue, I don't say they mean war, but they make war more likely, and there is no one in Europe to-day who does not know what war in the long run means. It means all over Europe the degradation of the life of the people—misery compared with which the misery of the last War was happiness—and it means at the end anarchy and world revolution, and we all know it, and knowing it, what can our duty be but to come together and save Europe?"

Like the speech, the sherry-fragrant turtle soup which preceded the dinner was traditional. To prepare it, the Lord Mayor imported 200 of the crustaceans from Jamaica.

MRS. SIMPSON: Two Palace Cliques Reported at Odds Over King's Friend

The House of Stanhope *versus* the House of Stanley.

Thus those in the know have come to interpret English society's hullabaloo over Mrs. Wallis Simpson and King Edward's intentions. The politically powerful Earl of Stanhope, Master of the Robes and socially supreme as chief supervisor of the preparations for next May's Coronation, heads the group of seven Peers who constitute the Monarch's Court.

Against their gaiety, Edward George Villiers Stanley, Earl of Derby, who headed the palace *clique* under the late King George V, imposes the bulk of his respectability. Behind him, or on the fence, line up the other 700 Peers of the Realm.

As Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, Lord Derby's Countess held ranking influence in the old days. But Edward's is a man's Court, and the Peeresses have gone into an oblivion darker than that of Col. Gerald Trotter and Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, two sexagenarian friends Edward dismissed early in his reign.

Monarch's Friends—The King's group includes the sporting Earl of Sefton; the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H. (Master of Fox Hounds) and popular in hunting circles; the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Baron Brownlow, the Earl of Munster, and the Earl of Erne. (The sight of Lord Erne's stern young face in the doorway, it is said, stops all gossip in London clubs.) With them are linked the King's Equerries, Commander Charles Lambern and Sir John Aird, who directs the Household and, according to *The Nation*, makes an inadequate effort to restrain the lively group.

The Earl of Harewood, whose marriage to the Princess Royal made him Edward's brother-in-law, recently joined this pleasure-loving crew for a shooting-party at Sandringham. According to reports, the

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two had never been cordial. One explanation of their sudden friendship is that Lord Harewood, breaking away from disturbed family conferences, sympathized with the King, and advised him to stand his ground.

None of the gossip about the King and Mrs. Simpson comes from Edward's friends.

Rumors—Bringing the speculation on their marriage into the open, *The Week*, a mimeographed London letter, laid it to the ousted *clique*.

"The Old Guard," it said, "disapproves most strongly of the new Court and, altho Derby himself is far too astute a politician to stoop to such methods, there is no doubt that a certain old Palace set, without his approval, has definitely set afloat various rumors in connection with the King and Mrs. Simpson, hoping thus to bring to their side the most valuable factors in any such attack, the two Archbishops (Canterbury and York).

"Along this line, the Old Guard has had certain success, and some ten days ago the Archbishops had in fact an audience with the King in which, the Old Guard freely rumored, Mrs. Simpson was discussed. . . .

"At Aberdeen a well-fostered rumor about the King's failure, when at Balmoral, to attend some local function due in some inexplicable way to Mrs. Simpson's influence, resulted in the chalking of streets in one district, at least, with personal attacks on the King."

Queen—Their attempts supposedly received a setback when Queen Mary entertained the twice-divorced American at luncheon—a recurrent but unconfirmable report. At any rate, the Palace-*clique* background to the case lends importance to King Edward's remark when he insisted that Mrs. Simpson's name appear on the Court Circular:

"I'll give them something to talk about."

The talk continued last week—but not in the House of Commons. There Jock ("The Ungovernable") McGovern, Independent Laborite notorious for his aspersions on the Royal Family, popped up to attack Coronation expenditures "in view of the gambling going on at Lloyd's over whether this Coronation would ever take place." Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, coldly disregarded him.

As for Mrs. Simpson, she continued to receive mountainous baskets of flowers daily at 16 Cumberland Terrace. King Edward sped there at the end of his Armistice day duties without stopping to dress for dinner, joining a small party of intimates. Nevertheless, when it was said that she might visit the French Riviera until her divorce becomes absolute in April, rumor had the royal friendship on the wane. Like the other gossip, this probably could be traced to the ousted Palace *clique*.

TOKYO, MOST POLITE: Visitors Must Learn to Doff Hats to Police, a Samurai Legacy

Americans planning to visit the Tokyo Olympics in 1940 should practise tipping their hats to policemen. It is an old Japanese custom; and at the right corner, at the right moment, they may enjoy the spectacle of a Cabinet Minister lifting his hat very respectfully to a Tokyo copper who will acknowledge the salute as if he were a five-star General.

Fritz Henle from Black Star

Japanese girls at their windows in the Yoshiwara district

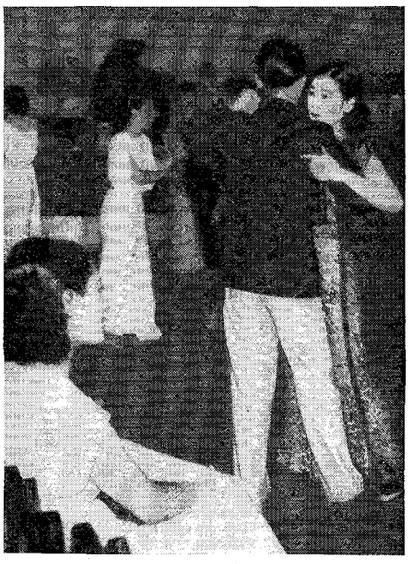
Not respect or fear of the uniform or the badge, or of the power both imply; but appreciation of what is inside the symbols of authority motivate Japan's public reverences to the ill-paid police force.

In a mood of renunciation following the opening of Japan to Western influence, the nation's wealthy feudal nobles signed, in 1868, a memorial to the Emperor Meiji, declaring, among other things:

"We now reverently offer up the list of our possessions and men, with the prayer that the Emperor will take good measure for rewarding those to whom reward is due. . . ."

Samurai—Full power over all Japan was "restored" to the Emperor, but what to do with the thousands of Samurai (military retainers) saturated with bravery, loyalty and quaint ideals of honor, but completely destitute of practical ideas about self-support, was a knotty economic problem.

Simplest solution found was to convert as many as possible into policemen. Japan's police forces to-day are largely made up of their descendants. Lifting hats to such as these is to Japanese, therefore, only normal.



Taxi dance-hall hostesses advised to study the English language

Guardians of public peace and morals, as they once were of the lives of their feudal lords, the police are now preparing, four years in advance, for the arrival of 100,000 foreign Olympic fans.

Last week Tokyo's eight taxi dance-halls reopened after a week of "disciplinary" closing. During the enforced idleness, their 1,000 hostesses were paid, by police order, as usual; but advised to pass their time in studying the English language.

The great mile-square Yoshiwara district ("red light" in English, "plain of felicity" in Japanese) is also being run through a disciplinary wringer in anticipation of the foreign invasion.

Definitions—New regulations have been promulgated with the object of raising night-life standards of ethics and morals, not only in Tokyo's neon-lighted, paper-lantern festooned "plain of felicity," but in those of Kobe, Osaka, Nagasaki and Yokohama as well. Rules are being made for foreigners, too; and a definition of an "immoral foreigner" has been solemnly drawn up with a penalty of deportation for those to whom it may apply. It reads:

"One who at any one time has marital relations with more than one woman," and has given rise to scores of new limericks among Britishers and Americans Tokyo-stationed.

Proprietors of dance-halls and pleasure establishments, seeking to head off too-severe police supervision, have proffered voluntary reforms; among them, to discharge all male dancing instructors and keep their taxi-dancers in dormitories, with roll-call night and morning to check wandering afield with Western clients.

Very gravely the Japanese police are planning through the Olympics to do their part in "interpreting Japan to the West."

Gentlemen of standing in their own home-towns, but knowing little or nothing of the West they hope to impress, their efforts bid fair to appear amusingly old-fashioned to Olympic fans in holiday mood.

Unfamiliar languages, gestures, currencies and food and drink, fecund sources of minor brawls in the wings and sideshows of past Olympics even in Occidental lands, will be doubly strange in Tokyo.

To Americans whose tempers are likely to flare when the hot-cakes and sausage they order come to the table as *suki yaki*, special squads of policemen are being trained to show the indulgence ordinarily reserved for children.

ACTION IN CHINA: Mongols Start Suiyuan Campaign; Japan Offers Concession

Cheeks bitten white, frost on his goggles, pilot Taro Watanabe pushed his chin over the padded edge of his cockpit on the West's Armistice day, squinted long at the snow-blanketed Mongolian Plain, grinned with satisfaction and swung his ancient Japanese Army "crate" in a long curve to the southeast toward Shangtu, next important settlement on the long caravan trail from Kalgan to Ulan Bator.

The big black dot against the white

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LITERARY DIGEST map

Route of "wild-haired, shaggy Mongol horsemen" in Japanese-abetted march on Suiyuan

below was the magnificent, many-towered Lama Temple of Pailingmiao. Hundreds of fly-specks around it were the *yurts*, round felt-covered tent-houses of the Mongol Capital. But the pilot's pleasure came from the spectacle of smaller moving dots spreading fanwise, like ants on a tablecloth, southwestward over the plain.

Campaign—He flew until he could see a similar movement spreading from Shangtu; and swung toward Jehol to report that the Suiyuan campaign had begun.

To other Japanese observers on the ground the moving dots were not ants, but an army of wild-haired Mongol tribesmen, incredibly bow-legged from a lifetime astride their shaggy ponies. Mounted, they were centaurs in winter furs, much less funny to behold than when, during their training period, they had practised a goose-step inherited from smart young Mongol officers trained by Chinese and Japanese, trained in their turn by Germans.

"Japanese manipulations to force the temporizing hand of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, toying with Nipponese Ambassador Shigeru Kawagoe 700 miles southeastward at Nanking," guessed observers at Shanghai.

"Not at all," countered others pipe-lined into staff headquarters of the Kwantung Army, at Dairen. "Itagaki is just tired of waiting."

Impatient, stocky, hard-muscled, Seishiroltagak, the Japanese officer, who, as a Colonel in 1931, precipitated, without orders, the events leading to Tokyo's creation of Manchukuo, had jumped the gun again, his aim this time that "Inner Mongolia be administered by a Government friendly to Manchukuo."

Mongols—Friendly to Manchukuo only because neither China nor Russia offered quite so much in arms and aid in expelling farmers (Chinese) from their grazing-lands, the Mongols were now moving southwestward into the part of Suiyuan occupied by the Chinese immigrants.

"What we of the Kwantung Army want, what we have wanted ever since the creation of Manchukuo," explained an officer back at Dairen, "is a bar across the 1,200-mile caravan route between Kalgan and Ulan Bator to keep the Russians from coming in by the back door from the Lake Baikal region. . . . If they come in farther east we can stop them 60 per cent. more easily in the Khingan Mountains; but this route comes straight across the level plateau."

All through the Armistice day they had never heard of, the hordes of shaggy horsemen, followed by wagon-trains and motor-trucks, and preceded by Japanese observation planes, rolled toward Suiyuan city, a few small tanks jolting along among them. Other truck trains, far behind, wound through the passes out of the mountains of Jehol and across Chahar, the supply-trains without which no modern army can hold its gains.

Warning—To give his shriek of protest a world-wide echo, harassed Chinese Generalissimo Chiang at Nanking dispatched notes to every foreign embassy and legation requesting that all foreigners be immediately withdrawn from the border Provinces of Suiyuan, Chahar and Ningsha, China's sparsely settled and scarcely governed 1,200-mile northwestern frontier.

"We can no longer guarantee their safety," read the note, with unconscious humor. Nanking's guaranty in the northwestern fringe has seldom been of more than dubious value.

Long before the withdrawal order had reached the forty Iowa, Ohio, Minnesota, South Dakota, Kansas and California missionaries scattered in their distant compounds, head-lines blazed the alarm over the whole U.S.A.

Less publicized was Chiang's indefinite postponement of the National People's Assembly meeting scheduled for November 12 to consider and accept the seventh "permanent Constitution" offered to China since the revolution broke out in 1911.

Laid away until calmer times, its eight chapters and 148 articles extend the term of the President, Chiang himself, from four to six years: and legalize most of his present dictatorial powers.

Concession—Meanwhile, beaming conciliation, Japanese Envoy Shigeru Kawagoe rushed to the Nanking Foreign Office to offer a concession that would, he hoped, break the deadlock in the negotiations begun in midsummer. (THE LITERARY DIGEST, July 11.)

"We'll drop the demand for joint co-operation against Communists in the northwest," he grinned. (He could afford to.) "We will drop that if China will establish a Government friendly to Japan in Shansi, Hopeh and Shantung."

In a way it was a double concession. A month ago the word was not "friendly" but "autonomous." To Japan the result would be the same—freedom to develop cotton-culture, mining and railroads, and lowering of the prohibitive Chinese tariff on Japanese goods. To Chiang the new word would mean an enormous saving of face. With softening of a few more harsh words, he could boast a diplomatic victory, Tokyo getting markets, raw materials and a barbed-wire fence across the back-yard path from Siberia.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Pitcairn Island—All Seventh Day Adventists and great-great-great-grandchildren of the *Bounty* mutineers, the 140 inhabitants of this two square miles of land midway between South America and Australia, are looking forward to the coming this year of the first Bibles they have received since 1848. The National Bible Society of Scotland, which eighty-eight years ago provided the Bibles now disintegrating, is sending a new copy for every man, woman and child on the island. Prior to 1848, the island's only book of Holy Writ was one washed ashore from a shipwreck.

* * *

London—Fox-hunting opened last week throughout England, Scotland and Wales, with 242 packs of foxhounds, staghounds and harriers in tongue, each pack followed by an average of 170 horses. Major problems to the hunting gentry are the obligatory "pink" hunting coats, staining easily, difficult to clean, which must be washed only in strained rain-water, brushed downward, wet, from the collar, and dried, to avoid new stains, suspended before a fire on a hanger made of a horse's rib.

* * *

Vienna—Austria's new *Untersagungsgesetz*, or prohibition law, forbids the opening of any new shop, restaurant, factory, newspaper or any other business. Oncoming generations of Austrians wishing to enter business for themselves must remain employees, when they can find employment, until they can amass enough wealth to buy the licenses of existing establishments. Reason: Vienna has too many businesses of every kind already.

* * *

Peiping—Seven standard public clocks are to bring the correct time to this city's 811,000 inhabitants, not one of whom has known the exact time since the Embassy quarter stopped firing a noonday gun years ago. Since the gun was silenced, clocks have never agreed, even the East and West railway stations, facing each other, differing in time.

* * *

Rome—This week, Italy commemorated the first anniversary of sanctions by unveiling Carrara marble "sanctionist stones" inscribed: ". . . In memory of the economic siege. In order that the shameful injustice done by all continents to Italy . . . may remain documented for centuries to come."

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DRYS BATTLE ON FOR TEMPERANCE

New Drive Stresses Drunken Driving and Tippling by Youth

American youth voting for the first time in 1916 could not help realizing that their right to drink liquor was at stake. As a foreflash of the drying up of the nation in the next year, J. Frank Hanly, Prohibition Party candidate for President, polled 220,500 votes.

American youth voting for the first time in 1936 could be excused for regarding prohibition as a dead issue. When all the smoke of the general election battle had cleared away over the nation a fortnight ago, lanky Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, of New York, had polled only 14,000 votes on the Prohibition ticket, the lowest on record.

If youth gave no heed to a paradox of the minor spoils of the election—the fact that the drys had made notable gains in many States—drys showed that they had every intention of giving heed to youth.

Last week it became apparent, as complete returns were counted, that dry gains might be nationally significant of the trend of wet-dry sentiment two years after prohibition repeal.

Oklahoma—Here the drys hailed their chief victory. A measure to repeal the State dry law was defeated by 115,000 votes.

North Dakota—Here the drys met their greatest loss, the State for the first time giving approval to liquor sales.

California—Honors divided. Drys won rejection of a proposal to put rum control in the hands of a board of three; wets defeated a local option measure.

Ohio—Thirteen districts in the Youngstown area went dry, two barred everything but beer, another ousted the sale of liquor by glass in local option elections.

In the northeastern part of the State, forty of the sixty-three contests were won by drys. While most of these areas are rural, the drys made some inroads into the urban population.

Illinois — Indicating an increased "dry-mindedness," Chicago voted saloons out of thirty-three precincts.

Pennsylvania—Nineteen districts, responding to a campaign by united civic and religious organizations, discontinued the sale of liquor, but forty-three communities voted for liquor.

Oregon—With the State liquor monopoly operated by a commission which gives large profits for old-age pensions, three counties went dry.

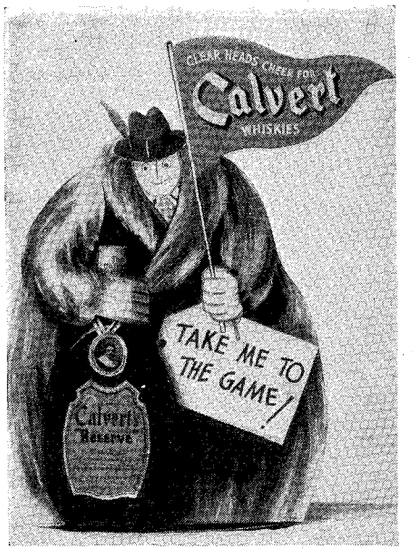
Texas—Bexar County flatly turned down the proposed constitutional amendment for State liquor sales monopoly.

New York—In the Southern Tier only four out of seven towns went to the drys; elsewhere in the State the drys won only eight towns out of eighteen.

Massachusetts—Despite a strong campaign by Catholic and Protestant clergy, 25,000 persons in Cambridge voted to allow sale of all alcoholic beverages in restaurants and package stores.

Already the State had put a Sunday shroud over all illuminated exterior signs advertising liquor.

New Jersey—"Aside from the twenty-six dry communities in southern parts of the State, we can discern no disposition on the part of the public to become excited over the effects of repeal," said James K. Shields, superintendent of the State Anti-Saloon League.



Liquor advertisement that was withdrawn

Proudly surveying substantial gains in wet territory, organized dry forces made no secret of their aim to achieve their ends through local option activity. They quickly laid plans for a whirlwind follow-up campaign.

Anti-Saloon League—Meetings will be held throughout the country at which 10,000,000 signers of total abstinence pledges are to be sought. In New Jersey the eighty-year-old classic, "Ten Nights in a Barroom," is to be revived in church auditoriums throughout the State as an all-talking film.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Capping last spring's drive for a $1,000,000 fund, the W.C.T.U. has scheduled great dry rallies in ten key cities, as yet unselected, from late December to early January.

Arguing that they are only interpreting a gradually growing public resentment of the ill effects of repeal, drys have lately concentrated big guns on drunken driving and tippling by youths.

The most powerful protest is based on the latter. Early last summer national welfare organizations and insurance companies began surveys and polls to ascertain the extent and effect of youth drinking. Temperance workers leaped upon preliminary reports. Last month national impetus was given to the study by President Harold W. Dodds, of Princeton University, who banned liquor flasks at football games. College heads all over the country praised his action, denounced excessive drinking at games.

As an immediate effect of this outcry, stadium liquor flowed less freely.

Advertisers—The Calvert-Maryland Distilling Company, which had just prepared a fall promotion campaign with five prize posters decided to "proceed with caution." Two of the posters were for college appeal, one showing a raccoon-coated rooter holding a Calvert pennant, with the motto "Calvert Cheering Section"—a plug for the company's slogan, "Clear Heads Cheer for Calvert." This back-up was part of a self-regulation movement started by the liquor industry last summer. Liquor ads were dropped completely from college newspapers.

One concern risked academic ire by preparing a flask to fit the hip, equipped with a top for drinking purposes and adorned with college pennants and colors.

National Distillers cajoled moderation forces by advertising of its Old Overholt: "Frankly, it's not for women."

Brewers' Survey—In a flood of youth surveys, the United States Brewers' Association last week disclosed the answers to a questionnaire sent out to student editors from coast to coast.

Summarizing, they found that drinking was more widespread but not so intensive.

Forty out of fifty-two editors said liquor consumption had increased at their institutions.

Forty-one found less drunkenness, even so.

Thirty-one saw a good effect in legal beer, or at least no bad effect on college social life, habits and morals.

Thirty-two opposed sale of liquor on college premises.

Sixteen reported beer was being served either in their campus restaurants or at fraternity houses.

"Repeal is teaching college men how to drink for pleasure, and not for oblivion," wrote one, and another added, "conditions are far better now because we know what we are getting."

"I am sure college youth is well on the road away from synthetic gin and ginthetic sin," declared Mary McGuire, editor of the *Times-Delphic* of Drake University, while Russell Phelps, editor of the Hamilton College *Life*, explained that "fellows aren't drinking so much to be 'smart' as was the case under prohibition."

Many, of course, objected that there was much more drinking to-day, and one editor blamed the repeal of prohibition for the death of a close friend from alcoholism. Another, however, stated that conditions were detrimental to the few who "would probably not survive any strong temptation."

Conduct, said an editor, had improved in inverse proportion to the quantity of liquor consumed to-day; another said proudly that "it is nothing to see a student 'high,' but drunks don't exist on this campus."

Deans—Last week, college deans also found an increase of drinking since repeal, accepting without disagreement a report to that effect by Dean V. I. Moore of the University of Texas, made to the Conference of the National Association of Deans and Advisers of Men.

Bowdoin College's Dean Paul Nixon had asked members of the previous graduating class to report whether the ten classmates they had known best had "gained greatly, gained a bit, remained unchanged or lost greatly" on a variety of abilities and virtues.

In point of temperance, 10 per cent. had gained, 30 per cent. had remained unchanged, 40 per cent. had lost a bit, and 20 per cent. had lost greatly.

Gains were reported for the most part

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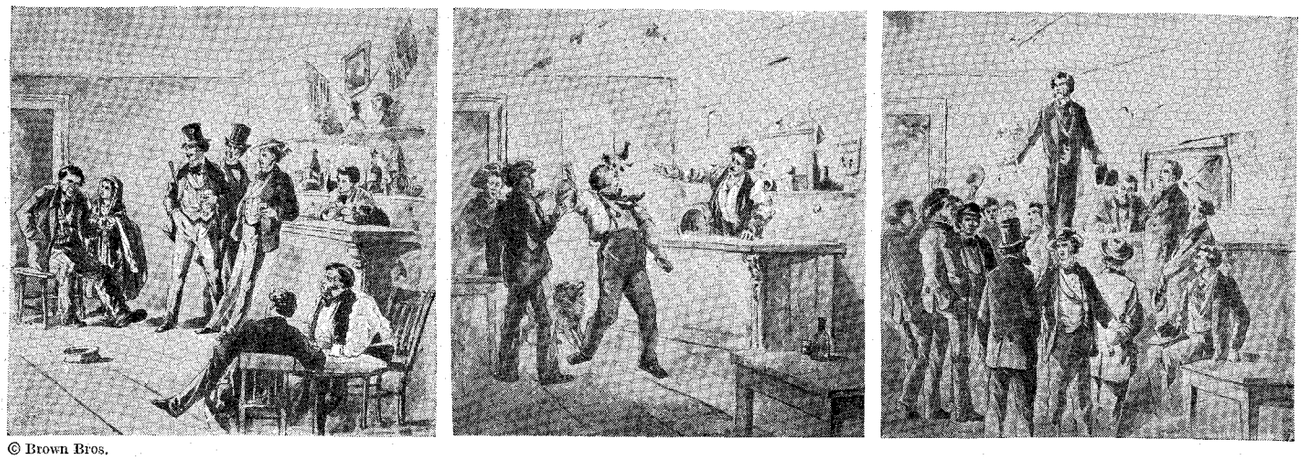

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Revived in New Jersey: touching scenes from the eighty-year-old classic, "Ten Nights in a Barroom"

everywhere, except in clean speech, sex morality and belief in God.

Allied Youth—This energetic organization of drys under thirty years old sent out a questionnaire to ninety-one students at the University of Illinois.

Fifty who drink and thirty-one teetotalers answered.

Fifty thought drinking among young people had increased since repeal, nine believed it had decreased, nineteen saw no change.

Fifty-two held no objection to youth drinking, and twenty-nine disapproved.

Seventy-two stated that they would not sign an abstinence pledge, and six said that they would.

Fifty opposed a return to national prohibition, thirty urged it.

What were the best deterrents from alcohol? "Common sense" and the observation of the effects of alcohol, answered most.

And the least influential forces? Pastors' opinions and religious teachings, a majority agreed.

The main cause for indulgence? Drinking by friends—not motion-picture drinking scenes nor the desire for intoxication as an end in itself.

How did these collegians start drinking hard liquor? And when? Well, Allied Youth notes in a survey among Los Angeles high school students that 50 per cent. had their first intoxicating drink between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and another 25 per cent. had "experimented" between the ages of six and twelve. Only 15 per cent. of the high school students had never tasted liquor.

There is no general agreement that there has been a positive increase in drinking among adolescents and youth.

Dr. Caroline B. Zachry, Director of Research for the Progressive Education Association (New York), which is active in promoting progressive teaching methods in schools and colleges, reports from studies among adolescents that drinking to-day is not an issue or the subject of boasting among those of school age in the teens. Since it is no longer considered a matter of prestige among adolescents, drinking is neither a matter of discussion nor practise, she maintains.

Mrs. John S. Sheppard, member of the New York State Alcohol Beverage Control Board, polled Mayors, Presidents of County Medical Societies, settlement workers, and labor leaders in New York State. She found that there is less temptation to young people to drink. The Mayors voted forty-one to twenty-four to that effect, eight saw no change. The medical advisers voted by nineteen to eight to the same effect. Settlement workers were evenly divided. Labor leaders agreed by a small vote.

Doris Black, Editor of the "Love Answers" column for the Chicago *Tribune*-New York *Daily News* syndicate, makes an interesting report that less correspondence deals with complaints of drinking sweethearts than during prohibition.

Dealers—While dry forces hold that every bar is ready to welcome with open arms any youngster demanding a drink, officials of the liquor industry deny that there is any considerable violation of State regulations. In all States but Kansas, which, tho considered dry, serves 3.2 beer, there is statutory provision against serving minors.

Not only are these regulations adhered to, but fewer than 10 per cent. of the customers of New York's "package stores" are under twenty-five, according to William Steinberg, President of the State Retail Liquor Dealers' Association.

For old and young alike, 213,819,844 gallons of distilled liquors were produced in 1935, compared to 103,045,322 in 1914, an average preprohibition year, according to United States Census Bureau figures.

Homes—Perhaps a more serious problem of adolescent drinking is found in the homes than in the liquor stores or saloons. Parents to-day are frequently faced with the problem of whether to serve liquor at parties where their children are hosts.

While dry forces insist that this can lead only to wilder drinking, some educators disagree on the solution. Altho it is generally agreed that it was preferable not to serve liquor, some groups feel that a punch with a mild "kick" may not be harmful.

Especially interesting is the point made by the Child Study Association (New York) that parents' example is more important than permission or refusal of drink for parties. Children imitate when their parents set the style, and the parent who drinks can not successfully forbid it, according to Mrs. Anna W. M. Wolf of that organization.

More advisable than mere strict regulation is an understanding of the meaning of an adolescent's drinking, and when it is merely a phase of growth it need not constitute a problem.

The tendency among both wet and dry forces is for educational methods rather than regulation.

All but the extreme groups among the drys have set a policy of scientific factual education as a goal.

Church—A poll of religious leaders of all denominations by the news service of the National Conference of Jews and Christians showed far greater sentiment for educational activity than for a move to prohibition.

In this connection the weakening of religion as a force for teetotalism is an important fact to dry forces. Doctor Colvin, Prohibition Party leader, inveighs most strongly against the hold liquor has taken among young members of church groups, many of whom he reports as leaving their church organizations to join with drinking associates.

Especially is this so in Protestant groups, he declares. At one church summer conference of young people, he revealed, a secret poll showed that 44 per cent. of 277 young men and women registered were not total abstainers.

Insurance—Perhaps the best judge of the effects of alcohol upon youth is the insurance company. The Northwestern National Life Insurance Company (Minneapolis), for one, reports rejections for excessive use of alcohol among applicants under thirty had increased 13 per cent. in the last year, and 183 per cent. since 1932.

From 11.9 per cent. rejections for this cause per 100, the number has risen to 33.7. In that period rejected applicants of all ages for alcoholism increased 35 per cent., with an increase of 17 per cent. among those between thirty and forty-five, and a decline of 12 per cent. among those over forty-five. Altogether, 23.8 of every 100 applicants for policies who are rejected are alcoholics.

Other insurance companies have made no such studies. The annual report on causes of death among policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company showed that in 1935 there were only two deaths from alcoholism per 100,000, a decline of 13 per cent. This was the lowest rate for any year since 1921.

Failure of police and hospital organizations to "break down" cases into age groups accounts for the lack of statistical information which hampers dry forces, liquor publicists, and State regulatory boards alike. Such figures as are available in police

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records of motor-vehicle accidents and arrests for intoxication are undependable because no standard of what constitutes intoxication has been set.

Barmaids—But other drys are able to produce other figures which they insist tell the impressive story of repeal evils. For one, Laura Lindley, Anti-Saloon League Research Secretary, dug up the startling estimate of 1,350,000 girl "hostesses" in repeal taverns, who, she says, are hired as "barroom bait" to stimulate sales.

According to Miss Lindley, investigation in Minneapolis, Cleveland, Cincinnati and other cities revealed a connection between these "hostesses" and the white slave traffic, peddling of narcotics and gangster activity.

Another Drinking Survey—But for those who fear that all these things are changing college drinking habits for the worse, and thus making disastrous inroads, there is an encouraging report by the Psychological Corporation for Sales Management.

Whatever their taste in alcoholic beverages may be, college graduates drink more milk than non-college men. Students drink 1.4 pints of milk a day, against .82 pint for the average American. Seventy per cent. of college graduates drink milk, against 54.4 per cent. of grammar school graduates, and 65.7 high school graduates. Furthermore, collegians eat a .93 serving of ice-cream daily, against only .20 for the average citizen.

PROSPERITY FORGE: Nova Scotia, by Cooperative Action, Banishes Poverty

Internationally famous experts on cooperative buying and selling spent last summer in the Province of Nova Scotia, Canada, to watch the performance of an economic miracle. Sitting at the feet of humble folk, they saw fishermen and rough farmers solving social and economic problems which were baffling the great nations of the world.

Word had come through to outlanders that residents of a Province rated with the highest cost of living and the lowest *per capita* wealth ($1,769) in Canada had lifted themselves from an economic morass by their proverbial boot-straps. How had these unfortunates, living on incomes ranging from $75 to $500 a year, many without even necessities, changed despair to hope, poverty to prosperity?

The distinguished visitors listened to lectures in which the history of Nova Scotia cooperatives was set forth; they tramped through stores, manufacturing plants, canning works—all part of cooperative planning. Then they returned home to spread the fame of Antigonish, intellectual capital of the Province.

Recently, Dr. M. M. Coady, tall, black-haired Catholic priest, present leader of the movement, decided it was time he carried in person the message of cooperation to the American people. At Boston and New York, he found attentive audiences.

Individualism—Briefly, he gave the background of the seven eastern counties of Nova Scotia which make up the Diocese of Antigonish: population 197,000, most of them Scotch Highlanders; 97,000 of them Catholics. Chief occupations, rugged individualism in farming and fishing; result, poverty.

This was the situation at the turn of the century. Then the steel industry came to boom in Sydney; a coal-field opened at Cape Breton, another at Pictou; a car-building plant sprang up at New Glasgow.

It looked like prosperity; farmers left their fields, fishermen their nets. Rural man-power dropped below the minimum necessary to sustain community appetites. But who cared? Wasn't there money that would buy the expensive imports?

Then came the Nova Scotian depression, forerunner of our own. Plants slowed down; mines reduced their output. Fishermen who had remained at their lobstering, tuna, cod, swordfishing, and herring trawling took the few pennies a pound offered them—or threw their catch back in the ocean. Even the plight of the rugged farmers became desperate.

But from one quarter emanated determination that these economic problems should not conquer the spirit of a vigorous people. For twenty-five years, the University of St. Francis Xavier, in the town of Antigonish, had carried on an adult education program. From its neat brown buildings, crowning the high green of the little town, extension workers had gone out to teach the people to think.

In 1928, greater than ever was the need for study clubs; and faster than ever they grew—studying problems in production, buying and selling. University officials worked to give the people theoretical equipment that would help them to solve their problems.

Success—The plan worked! Once the rough farmers and fishermen, the idle miners and industrial workers learned some principles of economics, they put them into operation. They began organizing their own businesses, giving every man, no matter what his position, a single vote in the operation. Along with the business program, they burned the midnight oil.

To-day, there are 1,400 study clubs, with a total membership of nearly 15,000. Seventy clubs participated in a debating league in 1933; 200 of them in a public speaking contest in 1934.

Meanwhile, the members have built twenty-five cooperative lobster-canning factories and five fish-processing plants; returns on catches have increased as much as two cents a pound.

The opening of twenty-five cooperative stores, together with a dozen marketing agencies and ten buying circles, has enhanced the wealth of five handicraft guilds. These figures are constantly increasing.

Banking is in the hands of seventy credit unions—assets over $250,000—doing a total business of nearly twice that amount, mostly in loans and mortgages.

Typical of the towns saved by the Antigonish plan is Little Dover. Perched on the rocky shores of northeastern Nova Scotia for more than 100 years, Little Dover's chief claim to fame has been its terminal for the Atlantic cable. Poorly housed, lacking all the comforts of civilized life, its 300 inhabitants eked out a scanty living by fishing. In a village where there was scarcely a passable street, citizens could look forward to nothing better than extreme poverty bordering on starvation—until the cooperative movement took hold in 1928.

Shepherd—It arrived in the person of Father James J. Tompkins, slight parish priest whose electric blue eyes took in the situation, whose dynamic mind set about remedying it with the University plan.

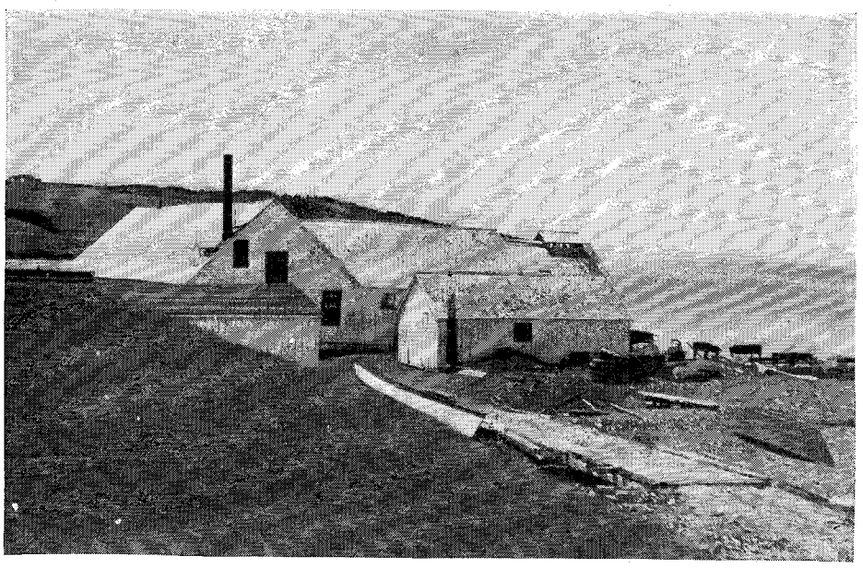
Every Saturday, Father Tompkins held meetings of Doverites, attempting to arouse their energies and awaken their self-respect. At first, in spite of efforts, Doverites stayed away in droves; fifteen was the best he could muster. But by the end of the year the number grew to fifty; four years later, in 1932, he had a hundred; in 1934, the entire village enrolled in study groups.

Illiteracy was the first dragon slain; then squalor, as the first good street was built.

Economic factors began to change as early as 1931, when the men of the village went to the woods and hauled out lumber for a lobster-canning factory. Building the plant, together with a wharf, they were ready for spring operations in 1932. Private bankers, however, refused them credit.

They went ahead, raising the money through friends. In the first year, the profits totaled $4,000, paying off the whole of their debt and leaving a dividend of ¼ per cent. to be shared.

Fired with success, they built cooperatively two new fishing smacks; in 1933, they constructed a fish-curing plant and a



Cooperative lobster-canning factory in Nova Scotia: increasing number bring greater returns

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storage-house. They had learned the trick of producing cooperatively.

Next, they took up buying in the same way. Through their own stores, they were able to effect savings of $4 on each fishing-net, five cents a pound on nails, fifteen cents a bushel on potatoes. Where green vegetables had formerly been a luxury, villagers took up truck-gardening on unused plots of ground.

Progress—All progress was not in material things. Inspired by new thought processes, the village expanded its tiny school, which housed ninety pupils under a single teacher, into a two-roomed structure. Two instructors, one qualified to do advanced teaching, began issuing the orders to dust the boards.

The entire morale of the village has changed. Most of the people have formed steady reading habits. Their ambitions for the future are:

(1) To build a community hall; (2) to introduce electricity into the village; (3) to build an ice-house and freezer for storage; (4) to build a new fish-smoking plant, and (5) to open a cooperative store.

This from a village that eight years ago did not know ambition existed.

The story of Little Dover can be duplicated in half a hundred towns and villages in Antigonish Diocese and, as the movement spreads, in neighboring territory. Apparently the people have found within themselves the answer to their problems.

Religion

GREATEST ARMY: Evangeline Booth Inspecting Outposts of 3,000,000 Salvationists

The world's largest standing army is commanded by a woman. Its 3,000,000 soldiers—white, black, yellow and brown—follow her commands in 17,000 corps stationed in ninety-one countries and colonies. Twenty-six thousand officers bow to her will.

The Army is always mobilized—for peace. Its battles are bloodless; its arms, the brass bands, clinking tambourines and worn Bibles of the Salvation Army.

Last week, its General, slender, vigorous sixty-nine-year-old Evangeline Booth, her once flaming hair now gray and bobbed, sailed from Marseilles, France, to inspect and strengthen her far-flung outposts.

Her uniform, distinguished from those of her soldiers only by a bit of gold braid, her red-ribboned bonnet (tied securely over her left ear) the same as those of the Lassies who sing and pray on the world's street corners, she tramped the decks of the mustard-dun *Viceroy of India* as it steamed toward Bombay.

From a Mediterranean bristling with warcraft and intrigue, she turned her face bravely toward turbulent India and the Far East, No. 2 tinder-box of the world.

Survey—Accompanied by a male aide-de-camp and a woman companion, she will visit Salvation Army citadels (local headquarters), hospitals, shelters and schools, talk with many of her 5,000 officers in India, with the rank and file of her troops.

From India, she will steam down the Bay of Bengal to the tropical Dutch East Indies, up the east coast of Asia to war-torn China and Manchukuo, Korea and Japan, where her officers sing hymns as militantly as yellow-skinned nationalists roar martial tunes. Struggling year-old posts in the Philippines will receive their chief for the first time. Five months from now, she will visit the United States, where she headed the Army for thirty years.

Straight and slender despite her years, General Booth has ruled autocratically since she took command in November, 1934, after five years of combat with her predecessor, Gen. Edward J. Higgins, and factions who wanted to end the Booth family's hierarchy, established in 1865 when Evangeline's father, William Booth, founded the Salvation Army in the slums of

Wide World

Evangeline Booth: soldier for religion

London. She has retained her American citizenship and commandership of the United States Salvation Army.

Servantless—From 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, and her servantless home in Esher, Surrey, she issues orders to her polyglot forces, with the aid of three secretaries. Seventy-year-old Maj. Mary Welsh is among her aids.

Like a true cavalry general, she rides well, gallops early each morning. She also swims and dives expertly, sheathed from head to toe in dark wool.

Her life is simple, and has always been. As a child Puritanical rigor and piety ruled her Methodist parents' household. No dancing, card-playing, theater and, of course, no liquor, for the eight Booth children. The rule still holds for the Army's officers and volunteer soldiers.

Born on Christmas Day of the year her tall, ascetic-faced father founded the Salvation Army, Evangeline grew up in a missionary atmosphere. Already evangelistic in spirit, she preached at the age of five an inspiring sermon to a congregation of dolls, brooms and cushions, arranged on chairs in the kitchen. Fondly, General Booth took notes. The text was "Hi, Diddle Diddle."

Tutored privately at home, Eva learned to read the best literature, to speak English and French smoothly and to play the piano, accordion and harp. Her musical compositions are among the Salvation Army's best songs; she often rises at midnight to play a new inspiration on her piano.

Clad in Rags—At fourteen, she began to preach in London's worst slums. Hoodlums jeered at the singing, praying girl, brave in her red-ribboned bonnet; threw stones, bottles and pails of hot water. So Evangeline dressed in rags, sold flowers in Piccadilly Circus, joined the ranks of poverty and won their respect.

Her eloquence impressed John Bright, great English orator and statesman, who warned her father to "wrap her in cotton-wool and keep her in a glass case" because she belonged to the public platform.

Far from sheltering his red-haired daughter, white-maned General Booth put her in command of the Salvation Army in London when she was only twenty-three. Eight years later, she took the helm in Canada, and in 1898 preached salvation to the cursing, drinking, killing hordes that swept into Alaska's Klondike, greedy for its yellow gold.

As fearless and tireless as any man in the organization, she attained fame—became, in 1904, National Commander in the United States, took its citizenship.

No dictator's army is organized more thoroughly than are the troops of Gen. Evangeline Booth. Her officers, rigorously trained from their teens before being stationed on probationary duty at some local citadel, usually come from member homes. In each administrative territory (four in the United States), they attend cadet "West Points" where they learn what they must know to fight the Army's battles for salvation.

They may not marry outsiders; indeed, they may not marry at all without their superior officers' permission. Salaries are dictated by rank and promotion is based mainly on years of service. There are nine paid commissioned ranks—highest, Commissioner; lowest, Lieutenant. Territorial commanders control regional operations, a national secretary acts for the chief, but Evangeline Booth is the only general. Decisions on all important questions are hers, even when she is on world tour.

Home-Coming—When she returns to New York next April after a two-weeks' trip across Canada from Vancouver, she will find a great home-coming. In some large assembly-hall thousands of her soldiers will rally to her colors—yellow, red and blue. Highest Salvation Army officials will travel to the metropolis to report events since her last visit in October, 1935.

Of prime importance will be the conclusion of a great two-year drive for 1,000,000 new soldiers, the World-for-God campaign. It will end with celebrations throughout the Salvation Army on December 31, this year.

In General Booth's absence, the New York Army will revive an old custom, dropped during prohibition in the United States. Next week, the "Boozers' Convention" will be held on Thanksgiving Day. Officers will cruise the streets in borrowed limousines and trucks, picking up their down-and-out "victims of drink," depositing them at a meeting-hall in the Bowery, there to be fed grandly and exhorted to "hit the sawdust trail" of temperance.

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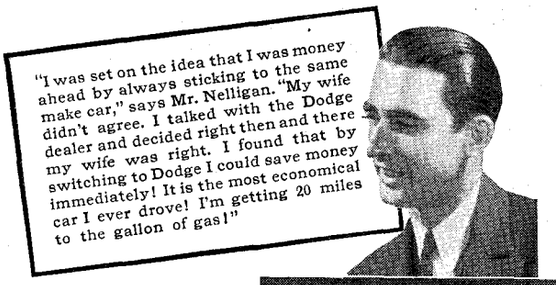
HOW YOUNG BUSINESS EXECUTIVE *Switched* TO DODGE AND SAVED MONEY!

"I was set on the idea I was money ahead by always sticking to same make car," says Thomas M. Nelligan, Jackson Heights, N. Y. "But I found that by switching to Dodge, I could save money immediately."


"I was set on the idea that I was money ahead by always sticking to the same make car," says Mr. Nelligan. "My wife didn't agree. I talked with the Dodge dealer and decided right then and there my wife was right. I found that by switching to Dodge I could save money immediately! It is the most economical car I ever drove! I'm getting 20 miles to the gallon of gas!"

OUR thanks to you, Mr. Nelligan! Your experience echoes the reports coming to us from Maine to California! "Switch to Dodge and save money!" voices the enthusiasm of owners of the new 1937 Dodge the country over!

They say that this brilliant new car is giving them from 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas—saving up to 20 per cent on oil! But that's not all! They say that, because of its many new features to lengthen car life and reduce upkeep costs, this new 1937 Dodge is the greatest money-saving Dodge of them all!

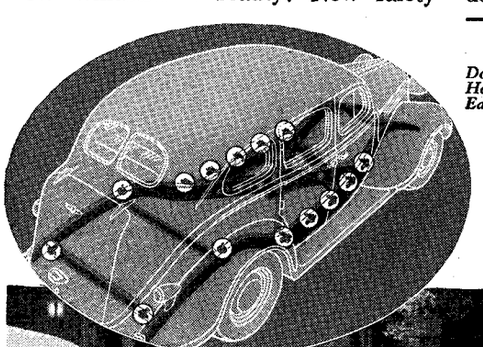
And this new 1937 Dodge gives you far more than extraordinary economy! It is bigger, wider, more luxurious than ever! New "windstream" beauty! New safety features, including even stronger safety all-steel body! New "high-safety" interiors! Safety glass throughout at no extra charge! *Genuine* hydraulic brakes!

And for your greater comfort there are improved Chair-Height seats!...low, level floor!...new, improved weight distribution! ...new, all-weather ventilation!...and many other features to give a finer ride than ever before!

See this amazing new 1937 Dodge today! Learn for yourself why motorists all over America are saying: "I'm switching to Dodge to save money!" And—*don't forget*—this brilliant new Dodge costs just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation



Dodge dealers invite you to tune in on Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P.M., Eastern Standard Time. Sponsored by Chrysler Corporation.

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ROAD NOISES KILLED!—with new "hush-point" method of mounting Dodge safety all-steel body to frame! In many bodies, road noises cause objectionable body "drumming" and "rumble." In Dodge, these noises are stopped by unique "hush-point" frame members, completely insulated in rubber! All noisy metal-to-metal contact is eliminated!

Prices of the 1937 Dodge represent reductions on all models—with safety glass throughout at no extra charge. $640 and up, list prices at factory, Detroit.

Switch TO THE BIG NEW 1937 DODGE *and Save Money!*

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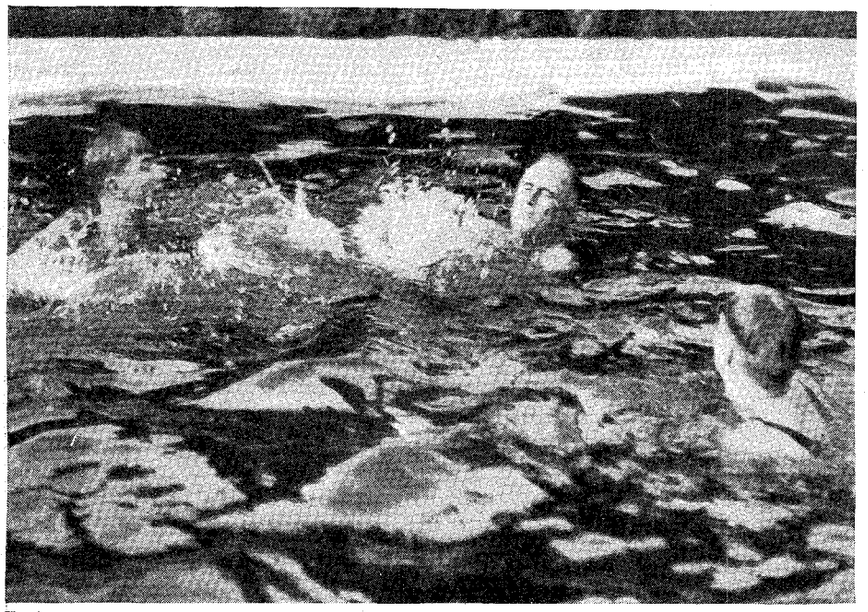
NEW DEAL, TOO, IN ROOSEVELT HEALTH

President, Once an Invalid, Thrives on World's Biggest Job



Keystone

Swimming to keep fit is part of Roosevelt's regular routine

One evening last week, a buoyant man with powerful arms and torso, and a famous grin, went snorting and splashing through the green-tiled pool in the West Terrace of the White House.

For twenty minutes, he frisked in the water as gaily as a porpoise, then hoisted himself out, and was helped to a table where his *masseur* rubbed, patted and spanked his pink flesh for a quarter of an hour.

Dressed, President Roosevelt rested for a few more minutes, then went to dinner. It was his regular evening period of exercise and refreshment; part of the health routine that produces his tremendous physical stamina.

Other Presidents have invariably aged in office. Presidents Wilson and Harding collapsed. Even calm, self-contained Calvin Coolidge left the greatest office in the United States shattered in health. But President Roosevelt actually thrives on the job. Recently Dr. Ross McIntire, the White House Physician, pronounced him in better health than when he entered the Presidency in March, 1933.

Basis—This, say medicos, is due to many factors; but in no small part to the rigorous health habits Mr. Roosevelt had taught himself since the fateful autumn of 1921. A few months earlier, he had been an athlete, sound of limb and wind; skilful at almost all amateur sports, and especially fond of swimming.

Then came August, just fifteen years ago. An epidemic of infantile paralysis swept the country like a prairie fire. Children were the chief victims, but here and there the disease, spreading mysteriously, singled out an adult.

One of them was Mr. Roosevelt. For a few days, he lingered between life and death. Then the desperate illness abated. He was well again—but what a change! He could move neither hand nor foot. Friends forecast a miserable existence, chained to a wheel-chair.

Slowly sensation came back into his fingers, his arms. Skilful doctors showed him how to flex dormant muscles, how to exercise to salvage wasting flesh, how to keep up his general health. Grimly, Mr. Roosevelt fought off the specter of complete invalidism. He went to Warm Springs, Georgia, where the warm baths helped him. And he found that in the water he could move again. The buoyant effect of the pool took weight off his weakened muscles, permitted them to move. He invented a special kick that enabled him to swim with a breast-stroke.

Out of the pool, he strove unceasingly to bring his nerveless feet and legs under his command. Friends saw him concentrating until perspiration bathed his whole body. On one such occasion he told a friend, "You folks do not know what fun it is just to move your little toe."

Victor—The 1920 Vice-Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party beat his way back, step by step. His arms and hands were completely reclaimed; to-day, they are as powerful and disciplined as a wrestler's. His legs are still withered, but he can move them. During working-hours, he wears steel braces to strengthen them. At rest, he leaves the braces off.

He has so completely mastered his physical infirmities that his friends forget them. At his desk he appears a powerful, athletic man, bubbling with health.

But not once does he relax the health routine that keeps him vigorous. His daily output of energy would floor a superman. His tasks begin even before he arises in the morning, and often continue until after midnight.

Last summer Stanley High, gathering material for an article published in *Liberty*, followed the President through one of his average days. It began soon after nine in the President's bedroom, where, with an old gray sweater pulled over his pajamas, Mr. Roosevelt goes over plans for the day with two of his secretaries, Stephen Early and Marvin McIntire. It ended after midnight, when the last of the dinner guests had left the White House.

Smiling, Mr. Roosevelt turned to the writer and asked, "Well, how do you like it?"

"Mr. President," replied youthful Mr. High, wearily, "I'm ready for a rest cure."

The President begins by breakfasting lightly. Four mornings a week he has a "regulation" breakfast: orange-juice, an egg, a slice of bacon, buttered toast and coffee. The other three mornings he has only orange-juice and a glass of milk.

Luncheon—Lunch is invariably served at his desk. It comes rolling up in an oven on wheels, and is served from a tray placed at the corner of the desk. This is no period of relaxation, for the President usually has one or more guests for luncheon; these are frequently his most important conferences of the day. A typical luncheon menu is clam-broth, gingerbread and whipped cream, and coffee.

The President usually eats only one meal a day with his family, dinner. Frequently this is a state dinner, most elaborate, but Mr. Roosevelt invariably eats lightly. He makes no special attempt to eat "healthful" foods; selects what he likes. But these selections bring nods of approval from doctors and dietitians.

Neither food nor exercise account fully for the President's buoyant good health. More fundamental, in the opinion of Doctor McIntire, is his "outlook on life." He loves his job. Big jobs have always appealed to him, and now he has the biggest job on earth.

Moreover, he likes people. Nothing appeals to him so much as a good, lively conversation. Because of this, the President carries through his heavy schedule of appointments daily with less apparent strain than the visitors themselves experience.

Visitors—In his average day, there are about thirty official appointments. They run in ten- and fifteen-minute intervals from 10:30 in the morning until 6 or 6:30. At these conferences, the President must be continually alert. Decisions are made that may alter the fate of millions of people. Ideas must be quickly sorted in his mind; information rapidly absorbed and applied.

Frequently these conferences are punctuated by the President's hearty laugh. His sense of humor is keen, kept continually sharp. He is no story-teller; his laughter rises from relished humorous situations in conversation. It is the good-humored laugh of a healthy man, mind at ease, who finds the world a pleasant, even exciting place. He doesn't laugh at people; he laughs with them.

His period of swimming and relaxation comes at 6 or 6:30 in the evening; an interlude between the tasks of the day and the chores of the long evening ahead. Through an arcade he makes his way from the Executive Offices to the west wing. The pool, made especially for him, is thirty-five feet long, eighteen wide, and varies in depth from five to eight feet. It is lined with pale-green tile. A narrow dark-blue stripe makes a border for the bottom, seen flickeringly through the clean greenish-blue water, which is filtered and purified completely every seventeen hours.

At the shallow end are two dressing-rooms, used respectively by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Before entering the pool, the President dons a simple blue

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bathing-suit, with a red shield on the breast, bearing his initials "F.D.R." in white letters. When he has finished his swim, he often takes a sweat-bath in the cabinet near the dressing-room, then his working over by George Fox, the *masseur*.

At least four evenings a week this routine is followed. Sometimes, on the other days, he takes only a sweat-bath and massage.

Grayer—Mr. Roosevelt was fifty-one years, one month and four days old when he took the oath of office on March 4, 1933. Now, approaching fifty-five, he looks older. Cares of state have lined his face, given maturity and kindliness to his expression, grayed his hair. But, physically, he is younger than his years. His muscles are supple, his heart strong, his nerves under perfect control.

His ringside weight, stripped, is 188. He lost four pounds during the final week of the campaign, which Doctor McIntire considers all to the good. For a man of the President's age and build, his weight should be approximately 185. He does not vary more than five pounds from that figure from one year's end to the next.

During his entire time in the White House, he has actually been under the weather only three or four days, with colds. Even then, tho ordered to stay in bed, he has carried on state business. And once, a year ago, when a little cold started the rumor that his health was slipping, he invited reporters to interview him in his bedroom, to judge for themselves.

Their opinion: Mr. Roosevelt is the healthiest man who ever spent a Presidential term in the White House. And he owes it, probably, to the battle he won fifteen years ago with that destroyer of lives, infantile paralysis.

CONSERVATION: Modern Farmers to Learn Lessons From Land Lore of Ancient Incas

In the highlands of South America, unlettered Indians have worked steep hillside farms for more than 1,000 years, and the soil is as productive to-day as ever.

In North America, farmers have failed to control wind and water erosion; have irretrievably ruined 9,000,000 acres of good land, severely damaged 50,000,000 more, and threatened a major portion of what is left.

Last week, Charles Collier, Special Assistant to the Director of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, was in Valparaiso, Chile, preparing for a 4,500-mile journey through Chile, the Argentine, Bolivia and Peru, armed with camera, note-book and interpreter. His object: to glean some of the accumulated lore of the ancient Incas, to aid North American farmers in saving their farms.

Communism—The heart of the vast Inca Empire was the highlands of Bolivia and Peru, where in its heyday more than 10,000,000 Indians lived in cultural and economic harmony. They were the first great communistic nation: had no money, no systems of exchange. Every farmer had his acres, was represented in the Government through a decimal system of organization more closely knit than a Roman legion.

The Incas built roads throughout their realm. News was borne by swift runners. In times of plenty, grain was stored in Government storehouses; dealt out generously to tide the population over in times of drought or disaster.

These farmers developed a scientific agriculture that already has been put to use by North Americans. It was they who took a big-kerneled grass called *teocintl*, domesticated it, developed its ears. Of *teocintl's* modern progeny, corn, U. S. farmers raised 1,923,559,000 bushels in 1935.

Crops—To the Incas' zeal American farmers also owe cotton, tobacco, potatoes, perhaps pumpkins and squash, manioc root from which comes tapioca, and other useful plants. Their agricultural methods spread over the Americas; Squanto, a New England Indian, showed the Puritans how to fertilize corn by burying a fish with the seed. The Incas learned that trick in prehistoric times.

Of these achievements the Spaniards thought nothing when Francisco Pizarro tricked the Incas out of their empire in the sixteenth century and plundered it for gold, which the Incas used only for ornament. With the empire's collapse, knowledge of agriculture passed from father to son; the old methods were continued, but became family secrets.

Even archeologists have paid little attention to this phase of Inca life. They have been preoccupied with the dim, unwritten history of the first Incas, originally a tribe, which gradually organized the remnants of an earlier civilization into a mighty nation.

Glory—Tradition says that the Incas at first were led by four brothers, Manco, Cachi, Uchu and Auca. Migrating northward, all lost their lives except Manco, who was supposed to have descended from the sun-god. He founded Cuzco, seat of the later Inca Empire.

The first historical Inca was Sinchi Rocca, who became ruler at the beginning of the Incan golden age, 1100 A.D. The nation reached its greatest extent, lived in its most glorious period, under its tenth ruler, Huayna Capac, about 1500 A.D.

After that, the power of the rulers, who were known as *Sapa Inca* (Only Inca), quickly dwindled through internal dissension and rebellion. Huascar, the rightful heir of Huayna Capac, was attacked by his brother Atahualpa. Atahualpa was successful, imprisoned Huascar, and had him executed.

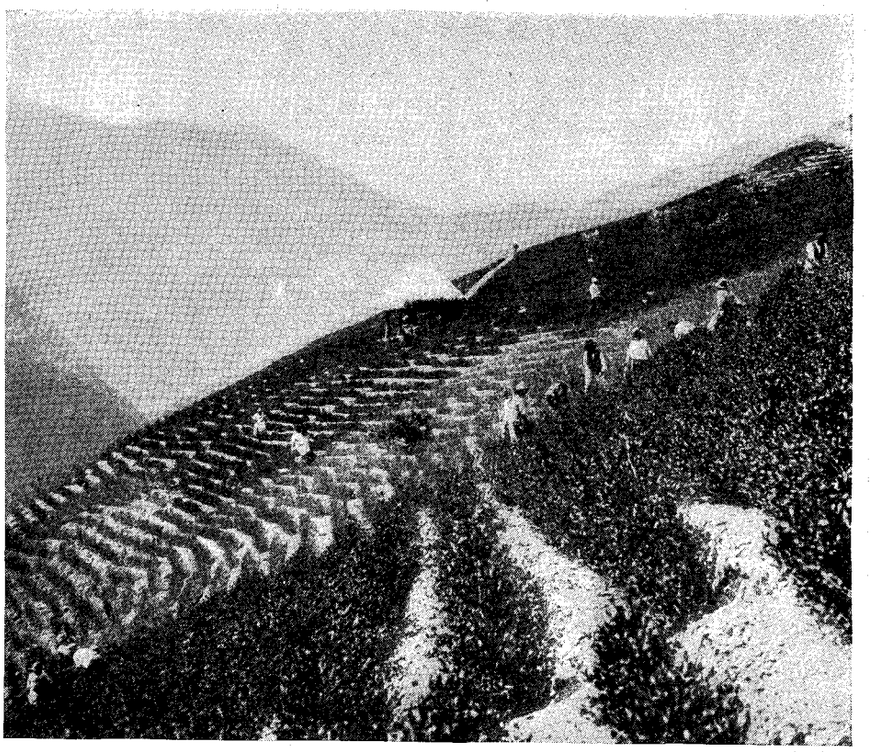
Conquest—In the midst of this turmoil, Pizarro, with 183 men appeared. Posing as a friend, he was warmly welcomed by Atahualpa, but when the Inca relaxed his vigilance, Pizarro seized him, demanding gold. Atahualpa, amazed that any one should want such a supply of this useless yellow metal, is said to have promised to fill a room with gold neck-deep, in return for his freedom. Pizarro waited until the gold was delivered, seized it, and executed the Inca.

Had he ignored the gold, studied instead the riches of tradition and agricultural science in which the Peruvian highlands abounded, North America might have been spared its terrific erosion problem; the United States would not be needing to send an envoy to study the methods of the Incas, perhaps 400 years too late.

EUGENIC BABIES: Medical Science Finds a Way, Even With Sterile Husbands

Last week, the staid, eminently respectable columns of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published a scientific paper which newspaper head-line hunters leaped upon with glee. Cloaked behind the dryly medical title, "Medicolegal Aspect of Artificial Insemination," alert City Editors discovered a titillating story on "test-tube babies," as copy-readers delight in calling them.

In less sensational language, test-tube or



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On the same steep hillside farms of South America descendants of the ancient Incas continue to harvest good crops

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ZENITH

eugenic babies are the offspring of artificial pregnancies in which the mother never sees the father, understands only that some unknown male has donated sperm for uterine implantation by a physician.

To the laity, the artificial breeding of human infants seems a fairy tale in a class with Wellsian prophecies of a eugenic world. To Dr. Frances I. Seymour and Dr. Alfred Koerner, of New York City, authors of the *Journal* paper, artificial insemination in human beings is sober scientific fact. For five years, they have been active in this field, can (but will not) point to an impressive number of children who could never have been born but for artificial insemination.

Examinations—Childless wives whose husbands are sterile, who desire children, are logical subjects for treatment. Not all wives are acceptable; the woman must undergo blood tests, a thorough mental examination. If hemophilia appears in the male side of her family line, her application is rejected. Hemophilia is a disease in which the blood fails to coagulate, victims bleed to death from slight scratches. Women transmit hemophilia to male offspring, altho the female is immune. Family history is scanned for hereditary deformities. If all these investigations prove favorable, and there is no pelvic malformation, she is deemed worthy of help.

Examination of the male donor is even more severe. He is selected from a middle-age group (a young man in the twenties, perfectly normal to all appearances, may later develop dementia praecox, hence is rejected for breeding purposes).

The donor must be a college graduate, a member of a profession in which he has attained not only financial but scientific success, and must be free from structural defects, venereal disease, epileptic heredity or family taint of insanity.

Donors are chosen from the same race stock as the legal father, and so far as possible, the doctor makes sure that the two men, who never know each other's identity, have the same dominant physical characteristics. This is to avoid the tension which might develop later when the growing child, if of mercurial Italian heredity, might clash with a eugenic father of phlegmatic German stock. Also, if the father and mother both are brown-eyed, but the child has blue eyes, a certain psychological irritation ensues which a preliminary examination of the donor eliminates.

Non-Professional—Thus far, the field of insemination is not large enough to invite a need for professional donors, as is the case with blood donors, who are listed by hospitals, sell their blood by the pint. Donors of seminal fluid are not paid; they have been, thus far, men with an interest in genetics. Professional blood donors, however, have written numerous letters to Doctor Seymour and Doctor Koerner, offering their service for a fee—offers which obviously were rejected.

The paternal fluid can be kept in an ordinary mechanical refrigerator for several days without losing its potency. It is mixed with "buffer fluids" which simulate as nearly as possible the natural medium of the motile spermatozoa. Heat only a few degrees above blood temperature is fatal to the sperm-cells. Cold, on the other hand, they withstand vigorously. The ice-box temperatures in which the fluid is stored vary between 40 and 50 degrees. It is, of course, warmed to blood temperature before implantation is effected.

Hospitalization for both mother and donor is recommended as an aid to secrecy. Before insemination is even attempted, however, the cautious physician who is the middleman in the process insists that both the wife and the legal husband sign a document attesting to the fact that the wife requests artificial insemination and the husband consents. The document, not only signed, but finger-printed, is then deposited in a vault known only to the doctor and his assistant. It acts as a safeguard to the wife should the husband, in years to come, file suit for divorce. Should he appear before a jury, prove that he has been sterile during his married life and before marriage, the fact that his wife had a child would be accepted by juries as *prima facie* evidence of adultery. With the signed document of consent available for subpena, the wife is protected.

Is a child born in wedlock as a result of artificial insemination legitimate in the eyes of the law? The question never has been raised in the courts. Presumably, with the evidence of the consent document, the child would be recognized as legitimate. Legal adoption would solve the problem of property inheritance, but the husband objects to this procedure, which would publicize the circumstances of the child's birth.

Legality—On the question whether the artificially inseminated wife is legally guilty of adultery, the mother stands on safer ground. New York State defines adultery as "the physical relationship between a man and a woman with a partner other than the legal mate." This interpretation automatically settles the problem, since the prospective mother never knows or sees the donor.

Doctors Seymour and Koerner warn that the surgeon who undertakes the artificial insemination should under no circumstances be the obstetrician in attendance at the baby's birth. If the doctor is unaware of the unusual circumstances of the pregnancy, he can in all good faith make out the baby's birth certificate naming the husband as the father, giving the child an irreproachable document in the eyes of the law.

Medical considerations are closely interwoven with the psychological. Usually the husband requests that one of his brothers act as donor, thinking that the child might resemble him. More dangerous than appears upon the surface, such a request is invariably denied.

A train of explosive complications could easily ensue. The prospective mother would almost inevitably learn the identity of the brother as the donor. Her affections might be transferred from her husband to the brother. The brother himself might grow fond of the child, sue for its custody; a jury would probably favor him.

Altho a brother or any other relative is always rejected, it is advisable that the donor should be chosen from a blood group corresponding to that of the husband, as this is a frequent paternity test employed in the courts.

Problem—Conceivably a donor aware of the identity of the mother might employ his knowledge for blackmail. A mother aware of the donor's identity might just as easily blackmail him. Considering the legal complications which might develop, the precautions taken to prevent mother, father and donor from catching a glimpse of one another are understandable. If hospitalization of donor and mother is impracticable, the donor appears at one address,

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the mother at a different apartment. Donors are preferably married, preferably childless, since the consent of the donor's wife must also be obtained. If she has children of her own, the thought of half-brothers and half-sisters is often distasteful.

It is some twenty years since the subject of artificial insemination in its human aspect was seriously begun by medical science. But animal breeders have long understood its principles.

In the breeding of thoroughbreds, for instance, stables are often widely separated; the breeder carries a capsule of fluid under his armpit or in his vest pocket to maintain it at body heat, transports it half-way across the continent. Thus the pure racial strain of desirable sires is perpetuated.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Defies Fire—R. A. Nolan, of the United States Navy, has just patented a rescue device that enables a swimmer to pass through flaming oil on water. It is a six-foot hemisphere of wire and asbestos, fastened to a life-belt. The swimmer covers his head and shoulders, guides himself by looking through a window, keeps cool by splashing water on the inside of the hemisphere.

* * *

Smart Fish—The Bureau of Fisheries has checked up on the story that catfish are so dumb they let other fish eat them. Of 1,200 fish examined, only nine had swallowed "cats"—and forty-five catfish had made meals of the others. Can't judge a fish's intelligence by the slope of its forehead, reported Fred Orsinger, of the Government's aquarium.

* * *

Automatic Valves—Future earthquakes should spout no water from burst mains, shoot no gas flames from broken pipes, if automatic valves just patented by S. H. Hanson of Berkeley, California, work as described. Pendulum-operated, an earthquake automatically closes them.

* * *

Water-Skates—Next popular water-sport, thinks Frank K. Min, of Hawaii, will be water-skating. He recently patented water-skates; bags of rubber that look like miniature sailboats when inflated. Strapped to the feet, they are used like ice-skates. Better wear a bathing-suit, tho.

* * *

Gassing the Enemy—A poison gas, chlorpicrin, developed during the War but discarded as not sufficiently poisonous, has been put to practical use in another kind of warfare by a French scientist. He finds it ideal for killing bedbugs.

* * *

Greed—Children who can not digest their food may later transform their hunger into greed for money, says Dr. Alfred Adler, pointing out that many money magnates have suffered from lifelong digestive disturbances.

* * *

Sex Control—Parents who want boy babies should plan to have them arrive between April and July; more boys are born in spring and summer than girls, says *The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

* * *

Nailing Glass—French manufacturers have produced a new variety of glass so tough it can be nailed to the wall, drilled or sawed without danger of fracture.

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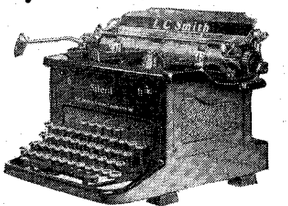

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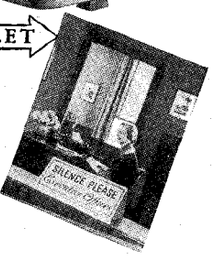

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RIVAL "HAMLETS": HOWARD, GIELGUD

Two Britons, Both Young and Blond, Vie on Broadway Stage

Two *Hamlets* cleaved the general ear of Broadway last week, both British, both blond. For the first time in eleven years, there were active comparisons to be made, for the first time in half a century youth was part of the measurement.

In the Empire Theater, seven successful weeks tucked under his belt, John Gielgud continued to stroll the ramparts, rail at the *Queen,* sob the misfortune which set a young Prince the task of setting his awry times back in joint. At the Imperial Theater, in a production boldly colorful, its tints raw, its walls sheer and cold, Leslie Howard achieved a long-time ambition,

"Hamlet" and Queen: Howard and Servoss

wore black, portrayed his own compassed version of the jittered Dane.

Critics and first-nighters were in general agreement that the Howard *Hamlet* was disappointing, unmuscled. They rejoiced in the setting of almost barbaric splendor, applauded the decision to play the melodrama in the style of eleventh century Denmark. The Gielgud production, less an eye-smiter, was in the cavalier fashion, therefore more graceful, less thunderously regal. Professional commentators wished devoutly that the Gielgud performance could have been hitched to the Howard settings.

Gentle Prince—For two years, Mr. Howard has yearned to play *Hamlet,* after his fashion—a slender, gentle *Hamlet* standing out almost cameo-like against the brawl and vivid color of the early Danish court. For one year he has been plagued by an apocryphal, transatlantic anecdote. If it were true, Mr. Gielgud has had his revenge.

The back-stage and drawing-room whisper was that Mr. Howard went to see the Gielgud *Hamlet* in London a year ago, walked out at the end of the first scene. Taxed, later, by Gielgud for a seeming discourtesy, Howard is quoted as replying:

"I'm sorry, but I just didn't like it."

This may or may not have spurred Gielgud to hasten to New York and bring his production in ahead of the Howard project. Gielgud received an enthusiastic press in New York, would have received still more unchecked praise if he had come in after Mr. Howard.

Every actor setting forth to give his own estimate of The Rôle, tampers with the Shakespeare text. In this case, Schuyler Watts was engaged to shift the scenes around in an effort to provide the play with more continuity, more smoothness between scenes. In the main, the Watts rearrangement is successful, twice it takes away from big scenes in the play: the scene between *Hamlet* and the *Queen* in her suite, this time played in open court in the great hall, and the scene with the flute, *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern.*

Less distinguished members of the Howard cast fell afoul of the critical need for comparison. An almost unanimous verdict credited Lillian Gish's *Ophelia* for Gielgud with besting Pamela Stanley in the rôle for Howard. Likewise, Arthur Byron's *Polonius* for Gielgud was counted better than Aubrey Mather's for Howard.

It is in his first three scenes, when the requirement is to register quickly, that Mr. Howard falters. He is cool, remote, lackadaisical. The scene with the *Ghost* is irresolute. It is almost as tho *Hamlet* resented being tumbled into the distasteful work of avenging the murder of his father.

Criticisms—Some critics recorded their disappointment warily, others were blunt:

Gilbert W. Gabriel, New York *American:* "It is a more or less pretty *Hamlet,* now reminding you of a peevish choir-boy, now of a simple and plaintive juvenile from out of one of James Whitcomb Riley's purer poems."

Richard Watts, Jr., New York *Herald Tribune:* "The newest of the Danes is never neurotic or mad or biting. He is moody and irresolute and unfit for action, but he is never very intense about it. A pleasant fellow in a difficult situation, he is to be pitied rather than regarded as a great figure of tragedy."

MAE WEST GOES WEST:

Out of the Gaslight and Lace and Bangles in New Film

Miss Mae West's addiction to a rolling water-front gait and speaking with fine impartiality through both nostrils come to small account in "Go West, Young Man," her latest Paramount release.

Altho Miss West's pearl-encrusted pen heretofore has done most of the florid writing in her films, she relies this time to great extent on the successful Broadway play, "Personal Appearance," by Lawrence Riley. The body of the Riley play has been plumped down between a new beginning and a new ending.

It is possible that abandonment of the lace and bangle customs of the presumably gay '90's has altered the Westian spirit and dampened it. In any event, her first tussle with modern dress and a modern story just about results in a draw. Her gait and diction are superbly right for gaslight dramas in which she can swing voluminous skirts, be hour-glassed and play to leading men loaded down with linen stocks and bear-greased skulls.

Mocking—In the manners and gowns of 1936, she seems not only lost, but unpoised. The plot of "Personal Appearance" and therefore of the major segment of the film is one of the most impolite and hilarious available in the theater. It is a play designed to mock undereducated Hollywood demigods who go out into the backlands and dare to face their audiences across footlights. Astounding misadventures befall these naïve, reckless stars, and out of their hapless situation Mr. Riley made an enormously funny play. The film, for all that

Mae West . . . lost in 1936 setting

it uses the Riley dialog, does not emerge as a particularly comic item.

Admittedly, there was a neat censorship problem involved. The Riley play was audacious and had to be scissored to make it acceptable cinema material.

Warren William is lank and lugubriously informed as the press-agent, and there is a stalwart country boy performance by Randolph Scott in the rôle of the farm lad who intrigues the visiting picture star.

The best performance is by Isabel Jewell in the ga-ga rôle of a youngster who yearns to act for a camera.

BARRIE-BARRYMORE: Temperamental Romance Ends in Midnight Wedding After Plane Flights

John Barrymore, fifty-five, pouch-eyed, weary, lolled back in a wicker hotel-veranda chair in Hollywood last week, wrinkled his famous nose as he studied four play scripts, wedding gift from his fourth bride.

As he read, his wife, Elaine Barrie (née Jacobs), twenty-one, heroine of America's

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most irresolute romance, twittered around him, laced her fingers through his gray hair.

Two nights earlier, a transcontinental plane had rushed her from Newark Airport to California. Below, on the ground as the plane swirled in for a landing, stood Barrymore and his lawyer, Aaron Sapiro. The plane landed, Miss Barrie bounced out and ran to Barrymore, her mother clattering at her heels.

The actor was nervous, twitched his coat around him, gazed ruefully down at his tennis shoes.

Ban on Plane—A few minutes later, they vaulted into another plane, took off for Yuma, Arizona, where, at midnight, they were married by Justice of the Peace Earl A. Freeman. Married, the fourth Mrs. Barrymore asserted herself. No more planes.

The sleepy wedding-party taxied to a railway station, crawled aboard a Los Angeles-bound express.

At dawn it steamed into the terminal there, ground to a stop. A regiment of reporters and cameramen mobbed the train.

"I am thrillingly happy," the bride cried.

"I am very sleepy," Barrymore grumbled, demanded a cab.

An hour later, he was asleep in his hotel suite in Beverly Hills. Mrs. Barrymore continued to tell reporters how happy she was.

The bridegroom made no comment until 5 P.M. He rose, dressed, emerged.

"I feel better," he said. "I seem to have chased King Edward and the war in Spain off the front pages."

For two years the romance—which swiftly became known as an "*Ariel* and *Caliban*" affair—was a tempest. Miss Jacobs, a Hunter College student in New York, wrote the actor a letter when he was ill in a Manhattan hospital. He answered and she went to see him. Thereafter, they either announced themselves as supremely happy or superbly miserable. Chaperoned by her mother, they cruised in the block-long Barrymore yacht, the *Infanta*. They fought, separated, came together again. He gave her a diamond ring with a stone as large as a buffalo nickel.

Temperament — Thereafter, particularly after Mrs. Dolores Costello Barrymore sued for divorce, they virtually commuted across the continent, varying their train and plane dashes with their temperaments. At one time, Barrymore fled from Miss Jacobs, locked his door against her, asked the press how "any man could get along with a woman like that?"

A few months ago, Barrymore entered a rest home, his health shattered.

Miss Jacobs settled down in New York and got an obscure job as an actress in a stock company playing Jackson Heights, suburban New York City residential community.

It was from there she dashed to a midnight plane which flew her to California and her wedding. Her luggage was a few clothes, four plays. She wants Barrymore to choose one, cast her as his leading woman. Barrymore has not liked any one of the four thus far, prefers to play *Hamlet* again with the new Mrs. Barrymore as *Ophelia*.

Twelve years ago, *Hamlet*, as played by Barrymore, was a sensation in the American theater.

Two *Hamlets* already are in New York, but the publicity thumping at the Barrymore-Jacobs marriage might raise it to first position.

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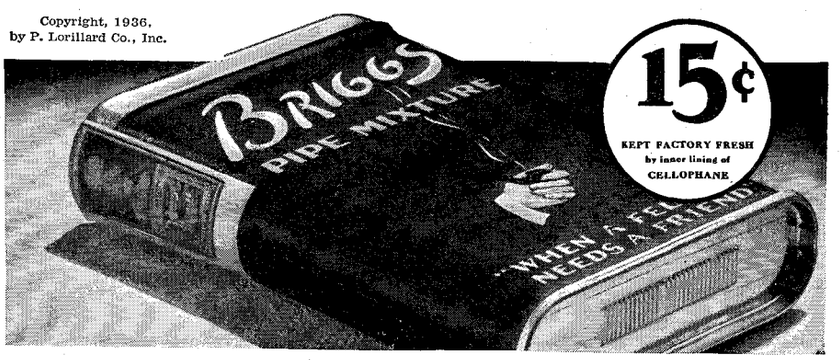

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HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE

Diplomacy and Interest in Others Essential, Writes Expert

Acme

Dale Carnegie

Six Ways to Make People Like You

1. Be genuinely interested in other people.
2. Smile. "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop."
3. Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in the English language.
4. Be a good listener. Encourage others to talk about themselves. "Many persons call a doctor when all they want is an audience."
5. Talk in terms of the other man's interests.
6. Make the other person feel important—and do it sincerely.

"All that I am," a thousand men say daily, "I owe to my mother—and Dale Carnegie."

Mothers blush modestly at this tribute, and Dale Carnegie joins them. It's simple, he protests, to get along successfully with people. Just follow the rules and success comes automatically. Dale Carnegie knows. He's been showing people how for twenty-four years through his Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations. Now he has written a book to make available to every one the simple rules of the game.

Rules—The Carnegie pith and wisdom is reduced to rules for everything from how to make home life happier to tested methods for changing people's minds without running their blood pressure up.

For all purposes, the author suggests diplomacy. It is his firm conviction that many a mind remains stubborn because it is approached without skill.

Even the taciturn Calvin Coolidge, he points out, put praise before criticism.

"That's a pretty dress you're wearing this morning," the President once remarked to his secretary.

Before the girl had a chance to blush, Coolidge added:

"Now, don't get stuck up. I just said that to make you feel good. From now on, I want you to be more careful with your punctuation."

Mistakes—This bluntness coupled with good psychology had its desired effect, but for lesser people than Presidents, it is wise to call attention to mistakes indirectly. Often the best opening when too many words are misspelled or too many phone messages incorrectly delivered is to admit a few personal mistakes first. This softens the blow and gives the offender a chance to save his face.

The General Electric Company remembered Dale Carnegie's words when it wanted to ease Charles Steinmetz out of the accounting department. The corporation made him Consulting Engineer instead, and Steinmetz accepted the change without a murmur.

There are other essentials in the highly skilled game of getting people to change their minds without trouble. A little praise often saves a good talent from disuse. It was a kind word from Rupert Hughes that made Lawrence Tibbett forsake selling auto-trucks for an operatic career. Hughes told him he was good, gave Tibbett a promise to fulfil, and the young salesman made good.

The famous publishers, Doubleday, Page, and the late Colonel House agreed on another maxim for mind-changing. They said: "Make the other person happy about doing the thing you suggest." Doubleday, Page was so skilful at this that the famous O. Henry declared its graciousness when rejecting one of his stories made him happier than an acceptance from another firm.

Wants—Delving further into the problem of getting along with people, Dale Carnegie asks: What does every normal adult want? The psychologists tell him there are only eight necessities: (1) Health and the preservation of life; (2) food; (3) sleep; (4) money and the things money will buy; (5) life in the hereafter; (6) sexual gratification; (7) the well-being of his children; (8) a feeling of importance.

Most of these wants are gratified—but one is ignored. That unfulfilled one is, however, almost as deep as the craving for food or sleep. It is the desire for a feeling of importance. On the feeding of this desire for self-esteem hinges all success. Where the ego is undernourished, unusual things may happen.

It was an undernourished sense of self-esteem that led a warehouse clerk, Charles Dickens, to try novel-writing. When Mrs. Abraham Lincoln's feeling of self-importance was injured, she roared at Mrs. Grant: "How dare you be seated in my presence until I invite you!"

A person who can find no one to tell him how good he is very frequently goes insane. Then he can pretend to be as important as he wants. He can be Napoleon at Jena; John D. Rockefeller signing million-dollar checks; or Caruso singing to thrilled audiences at the Metropolitan.

Outside the asylum for the insane, the most effective way of getting along is to nourish other people's starved sense of importance. Charles Schwab was so good at it that Scotsman Andrew Carnegie paid him a million dollars a year to generate enthusiasm among the steel-workers.

In daily life, this ability to praise people sincerely will rouse the most hard-bitten soul from his barricades. Many a stubborn youngster has been persuaded to a love of spinach because he wanted to be strong like *Popeye*. When Admiral Byrd wanted financial support for his antarctic expedition, he promised a group of millionaires their perpetual fame by naming icy antarctic mountains after them. He got the money.

Coming to the rules for making friends, Dale Carnegie illustrates his points profusely.

To be welcome anywhere—Be genuinely interested in other people. Howard Thurston was the master magician. He played before 60,000,000 during his forty years on the stage—and they all liked him. Why? Dale Carnegie asked him one night. Thurston said it was just because he was a good showman, and he liked his audience. Too many of his fellow magicians thought of their audiences as a bunch of suckers.

Not Thurston. Nightly, before Thurston went on the stage, he said: "I love my audience. I love my audience." He didn't think it at all ridiculous. It worked. People flocked to his shows. He was the magician who was "different."

To make a good impression—Smile. Franklin Bettger used to be third-baseman for the St. Louis Cardinals. To-day he ranks as one of America's ace insurance men. Years ago, he decided a man with a smile was welcome any place—even an insurance man. So he initiated the practise of recalling all the things he had to be thankful for just an instant before he plunged into a customer's office. That worked up a genuine smile, and as he entered the prospect's den, that smile was lingering on his face. Franklin Bettger thinks it's responsible for his success.

Trouble ahead unless you — Remember people's names. When James A. Farley's father was killed by a playful horse in 1898, Jim was ten years old, and head of the family. He went to work in a brickyard; later, he became a salesman. He didn't have time for school, but by the time he was forty-six, four colleges had honored him with degrees.

"What's the secret?" Dale Carnegie asked Jim Farley. "Hard work," the Postmaster General answered.

"Don't be funny," said Dale Carnegie.

But Jim Farley meant it. He found, as a young salesman, that the average man was more interested in his own name than all the other names in the world. So he set out to remember people's names. To-day Jim Farley can call 50,000 people by their first names, ask about the wife, kids and hollyhocks in the back-yard.

To become a good talker—Listen attentively. One of America's most successful magazine editors, Edward Bok, was a poor Dutch immigrant. He spent less than six years in school. Somehow, as a Western Union boy making $6.25 a week, he saved enough money to buy an encyclopedia of

Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

1. Don't nag.
2. Don't try to make your partner over.
3. Don't criticize.
4. Give honest appreciation.
5. Pay little attentions.
6. Be courteous.
7. Read a good book on the sexual side of marriage.

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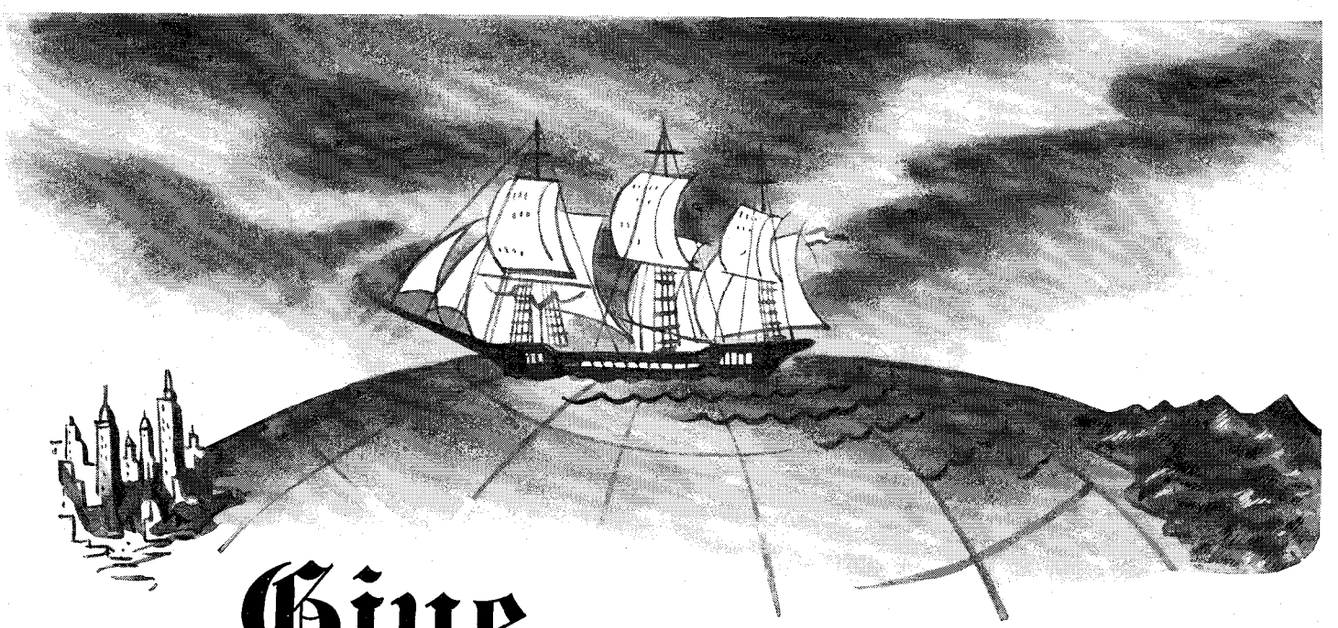

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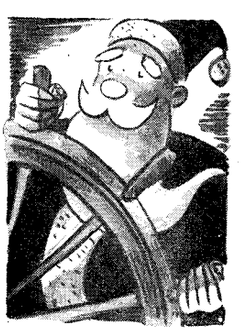

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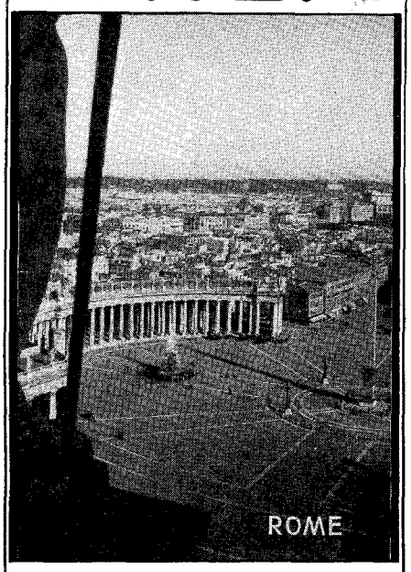

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famous Americans. He read it carefully—then he did something unusual. He wrote to all the famous Americans living and asked them more about their childhood. Had President Garfield really been a towboy on a canal? Would General Grant explain a certain complicated battle? Both men answered promptly.

To interest people—Talk in terms of the other man's interests. Erstwhile Professor of Literature at Yale, William Lyon Phelps was eight years old when he went to visit his Aunt Libby Linsley. One evening a middle-aged man called and was soon talking to young "Billy" Phelps. The youngster was enamored of boats at the time, so they talked about boats. When the guest left "Billy" sang his praises loudly to Aunt Libby. What a man! So interested in boats!

Aunt Libby primly informed young William that the man was a New York lawyer, not in the least interested in boats. Why had he talked about boats, then, young "Billy" wanted to know. "Because he was a gentleman. He saw you were interested in boats, so he talked about your interests. He made himself agreeable," said Aunt Libby.

William Lyon Phelps never forgot his aunt's remark.

For immediate success—Make the other person feel important—and do it sincerely. George Eastman amassed a fortune of $100,000,000, but even with that sum, he still craved little praises. When he was building the Eastman School of Music, the Superior Seating Company sent its President, James Adamson, to see George Eastman.

They wanted the contract for the school's chairs, but they weren't too hopeful. George Eastman was a busy man.

James Adamson obtained an appointment for five minutes of the Kodak king's time. Eastman was busy as he entered. Adamson glanced around. After a few minutes, Eastman got up, took off his glasses and said testily: "Good morning, what can I do for you?"

Adamson smiled and said: "While I've been waiting for you, Mr. Eastman, I've been admiring your office. I wouldn't mind working myself if I had a room like this to work in. You know, I'm in the interior-woodworking business myself, and I never saw a more beautiful office in all my life."

George Eastman softened. He admitted it was beautiful. Yes, it was English oak selected by a friend. The discussion of the woodwork continued long beyond James Adamson's allotted five minutes. The two men went to lunch and when Adamson left, hours later, he had a contract for $90,000 and a fast friend.

Letters—To conclude his rule and anecdote-packed book, Dale Carnegie writes a chapter on letters. He shows letters that go out on the handsomest of stationery but produce not a single result. Other letters, written by Ken R. Dyke, one-time sales promotion manager of Johns-Manville, are included as samples of letters that get across to the reader.

So Dale Carnegie closes, with a fervent hope that his book may serve as a guide to the many people who don't get on as well as they might. "Read it," he says, "and reread it." In the back, space is provided where the student of the art of getting along with people may list his conquests.

(How to Win Friends and Influence People. By Dale Carnegie. New York: Simon and Schuster; $2.)

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

congruent.—"G. C. C.," N. Chattanooga, Tenn.—The correct pronunciation is *kon'gru-ent—o* as in *not, n* as *ng* in *sing, u* as in *full, e* as in *get.* The word is derived from the Latin *congruen(t-)s,* present participle of *congruo,* agree.

diaglot.—"H. K.," Pocatello, Idaho.—As an adjective, this word means "printed or presented in two languages"; as, a *diaglot Bible* might be one in which the Hebrew text of the Old Testament is printed in parallel lines with the text in English, or the New Testament with the text in Greek side by side with English. The word is formed from the Greek *di-* and *glot,* from *glotta,* tongue.

hegari.—"W. R. P." Lampasas, Tex.—*Hegari* is a variety of grain sorghum grown rather extensively in Arizona under irrigation, and on dry land in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and New Mexico. The following names are often used as synonyms by farmers: *Higear, higeary, higrain wheat,* and *highgear.* The variety was first introduced into this country in 1908 from Africa.

jallope, jollopy.—"G. L. M.," Philadelphia, Pa.—So far as our records go, the term *jallope* does not belong to the same classification as *gimmicks, gadgets,* and *snivvies. Jallope* is a variant of *jollope,* the wattles of a cock, turkey, or other fowl. *Jollopy,* slang for an automobile, may perhaps refer to the action of the car, as the purgative *jalap* would act, as it bounces over uneven roadways.

manifold forms.—"J. A. P.," Fair Haven, N. Y.—The words referred to, meaning respectively, six copies, seven copies, eight copies, nine copies, and ten copies, are as follows—*sextuplicate; septuplicate; octuplicate; nonuplicate,* and *decuplicate.*

nerve-racking, nerve-wracking.—"W. F. S.," Newark, N. J.—The correct spelling is *racking,* for the meaning is derived from the pain inflicted by torture on a rack. Definition 1 of the verb *rack* reads: "To stretch or strain on a rack . . . hence, to cause prolonged suffering or anguish to, distress or pain greatly." So *nerve-racking* torture or pain is related to the Anglo-Saxon *raxan,* "to stretch," and not to the Anglo-Saxon *wrecan,* "to drive out."

"sold down the river."—"M. M. S.," Cincinnati, O.—This expression originated in *ante bellum* days, and referred to the practise of slaveholders in disposing of refractory slaves by selling them at public auction *down the river* (usually the Mississippi) to the owners of large cotton plantations where they were reduced from comparative ease to conditions of the most abject description. In recent times, the expression has been revived to denote almost any demotion, or demotion to a condition of mere slavish routine or drudgery.

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CARTOON CRITIC: London Caricaturist Finds American Colleagues Lack Originality

David Low, middle-aged, mustached and goateed Britisher, looks like one of his own caricatures of an amiable gentleman. But as he strode up the gangplank of an outbound British ship last week, a portfolio of material for several hundred of his biting cartoons under his arm, he showed little amiability in criticizing his American colleagues. Flatly, he declared that most American cartoonists were lacking in originality, that they took their medium too seriously.

"Your *Uncle Sam** is no more representative of the American people than my boot," David Low complained.

"American cartoonists haven't bothered to see their own President," he continued. "They just take an accepted cliché and let it go at that. It isn't possible to picture weaknesses without examining men, and that is what caricaturists are interested in—weaknesses."

American cartoonists, in the opinion of the amiable-appearing but vitriolic-tongued Britisher, have gone sterile for two reasons: the willingness of cartoonists to accept time-worn symbols—the Democratic donkey, the Republican elephant, *Tammany Tiger*, *John Bull* and *Uncle Sam*—and photography.

Photography is the Englishman's pet hate. It leaves him virtually quivering with rage whenever he thinks of it. On its candid head, he lays the blame for the decline of good caricature.

Gorging—Low takes sharp exception to candid camera shots of celebrities eating. "Page after page of their wrapping their mouths around food is, to me, quite distasteful. The camera is the enemy of creative art, and at the rate it's going, it could be the cause of revolution. If your masses of unemployed have to keep staring at photos of the wealthy gorging one meal after another, they're going to rise up in revolt. I know I would."

Low also revolts against American cartoonists' portrayals of Mussolini and Hitler.

"You make them awe-inspiring, when they should be made insignificant," he sputtered. "Mussolini is an actor who knows how to put his disadvantages to use. His bulbous glare has become a hypnotic gleam, his strong jaw actually is due to a fold of fat that is carefully touched out in photographs.

"Nor is Hitler an impressive figure. He has a turned-up nose, good eyes, an absurd mouth, and a slightly receding chin. If the insignificant features of both these men were stressed, it would be far more destructive than caricaturing them as fearsome giants."

Shudders—When Low learned that "Life," the magazine of cartoons, had been trans-

*The nickname, *Uncle Sam*, originated during the War of 1812, when a Samuel Wilson of Troy, New York, had a contract to supply meat to the troops. The soldiers began calling the meat "*Uncle Sam's* beef." The name caught on; soon everything belonging to the Government became "*Uncle Sam's*."

The first known cartoon of *Uncle Sam* was drawn for *Harpers Magazine* by H. J. Howard. *Uncle Sam* appeared without the goatee, which was later added by Thomas Nast. Also added by Nast were the striped trousers and star-spangled waistcoat. Most of our other political symbols, the *Tammany Tiger*, *etc.*, were invented by Thomas Nast as far back as 1860.

David Low rates Nast along with such masters of caricature as Daumier, Hogarth, and his own countryman, James Gillray.

Presto! New York buried in ice and snow . . . the Southern Route bathed in brilliant warm sunshine . . . *both on exactly the same day!* It sounds like a magician's trick—but the records prove it. Thermometer readings taken at noon on the bridge of Italian Line vessels bound for Europe and at the U. S. Weather Bureau in New York show amazing comparisons in Fall and Winter . . . 69° and 15° . . . 62° and 10° . . . 68° and 21°. Naturally, your whole way of living changes magically too. As the blue sea-miles lengthen behind you, and the sun splashes down on gleaming Lido Decks, you dress and live as if you were on the Riviera itself!

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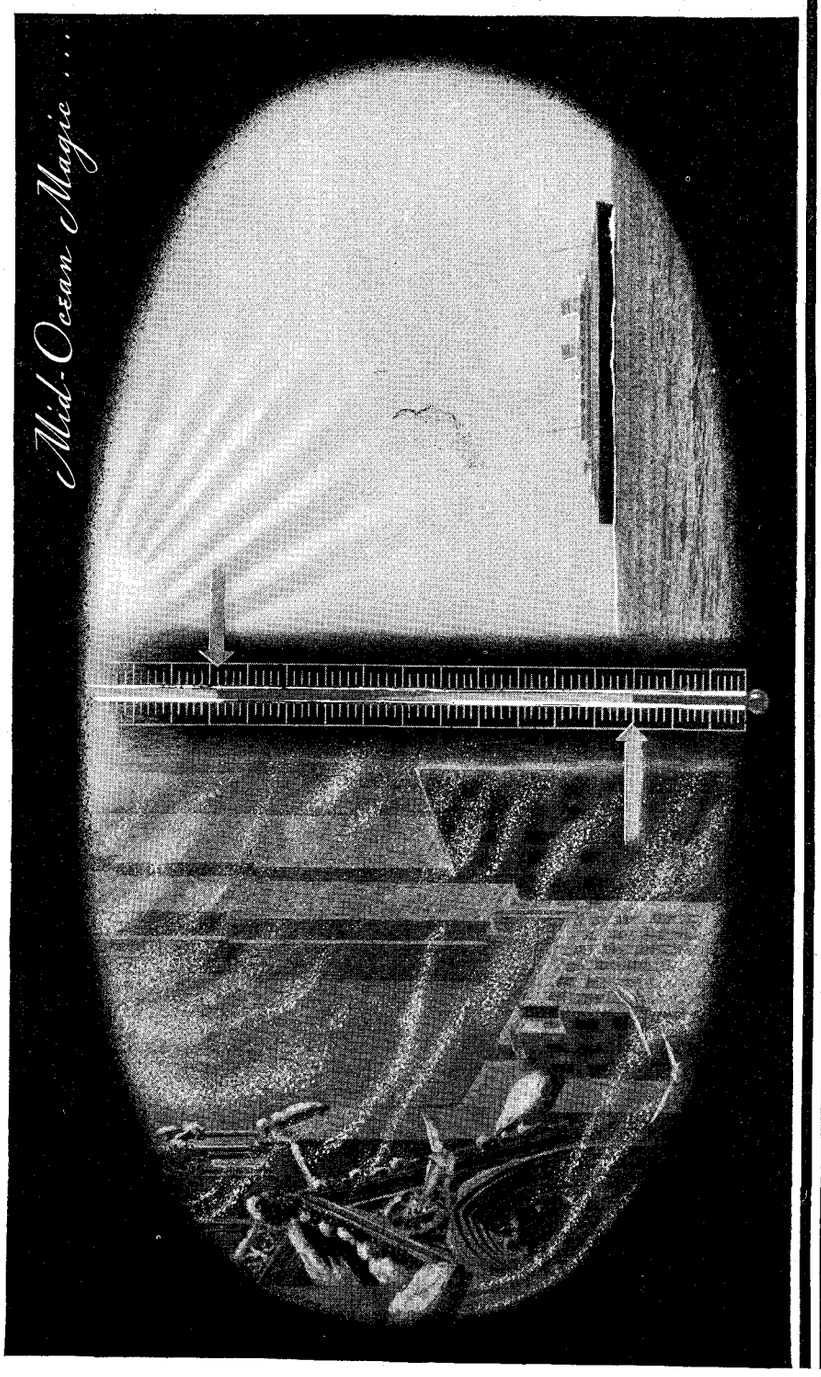

ITALIAN LINE

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formed into a magazine devoted entirely to photographs, he shuddered and prophesied the end.

The staff cartoonist for London's *Evening Standard* showed a more cheerful side when he spoke of Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony contributions to the art. But not without qualification; Low believes they are still in their infancy: "Disney is still playing with the elements of humor, but as his audience becomes seasoned and accustomed to his gags, he will have to move ahead to more subtle, sophisticated caricature."

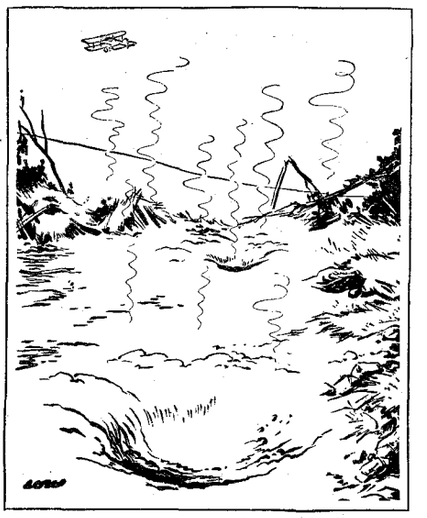
Of American political cartoonists, the Englishman prefers the work of Jay N. Darling (Ding) in the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers, and Rollin Kirby, who is syndicated in the Scripps-Howard papers. He believes that they are most typical and that they approach their work with a fresher point of view than their contemporaries. He hastily excused himself as an authority on the ground that he was not as familiar with as many American cartoonists as he would like to be.

Because he was born in New Zealand and lived in Australia for many years Low does not approach the Royal Family of England with the humility characteristic of British Islanders. He believes the Royal Family is too human to be treated in the stuffy manner which custom has dictated. He delighted his American interviewers by plunging of his own accord into the Simpson affair. Convinced that the King will marry the American divorcée, Low predicts that the English public will be delighted. Edward has always been a fairy-tale character, and any sort of romance will be popular.

Sentiment—"There is a section of the aristocracy that has always regarded the King as its own property, and will object to the marriage, but I think when the King does decide to marry Mrs. Simpson, it will be popularly approved, not only romantically, but politically. The *fait accompli* is everything, and England wants a Queen."

Low deplored the fact that he can not thrust his rapier-like pen into some cartoons on the subject. But in England there has been a gentlemen's agreement—no law—that the Royal Family can not be caricatured except with the greatest dignity. "We may cartoon them in the Dominions, but no one has done so in England since the beginning of Victoria's reign."

BARBARISM



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CIVILIZATION

—Low in The Nation

In his own country Low is regarded as a superior artist with a penetrating mind and the keenest of pens. When he likes, he can add the spice of insult to his rich humor and he owns up to having upset many an eminent man's digestion by turning his search-light of mockery on the flaws of the unfortunate man's body and soul.

One critic said of him: "The great man may be able to hide from himself, but he can not hide from Low. That, perhaps, is why one of the greatest novelists of the age refused to sit for him. Dignity was his weakness, and he shrank from having it exposed to the public in all the indignity of burlesque."

As for American cartoonists—they have their opinions of Mr. Low.

His fellow-craftsmen on this side the Atlantic are divided, however—both as to the merits of the Britisher's work, and on the merits of his case against American pen and ink toilers.

For—Rollin Kirby, without knowing that Low preferred his political cartoons, returned the compliment.

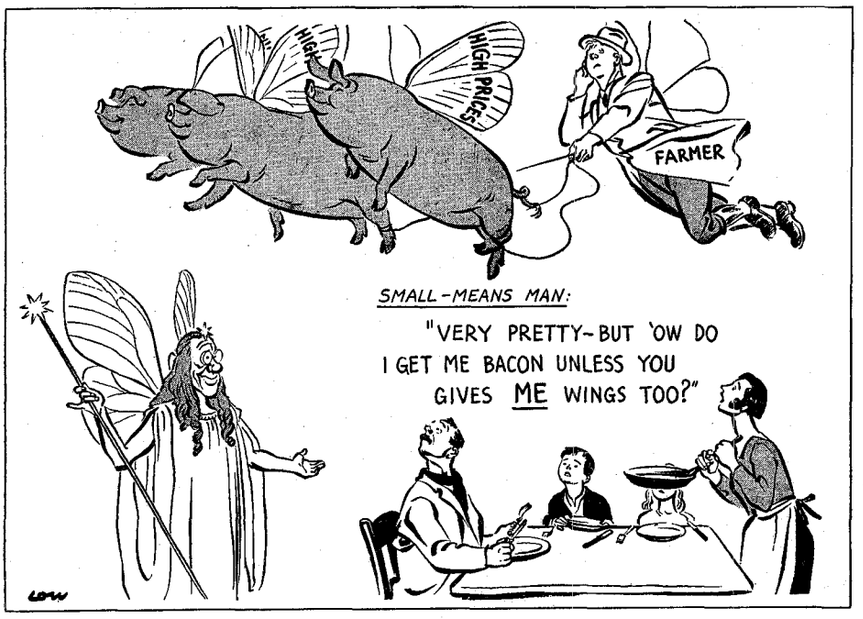
"Low is indisputably the outstanding cartoonist in the world to-day," he said. "He is the perfect combination of an excellent caricaturist and cartoonist, a master in each separate field, as well as when he combines his talents."

Clive Weed, whose cartoons for King Features Syndicate are known all over the country, agreed completely with Mr. Low.

"He has a perfect right to his criticisms. Aside from being a brilliant artist, he is entirely justified in saying that our cartoonists have gone stale. We are still using the same symbols.

"But on creating new ones, I disagree with Mr. Low. I think we would do better to turn out finer drawings before we start worrying about symbols.

"Twenty years ago—I disagree with him again when he says we've had no one since Nast—we had a host of magnificent satirists like Bob Minor, Cesare and Art Young. Now we have two that stack up with them—Fitzpatrick on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and Ed Duffy on the Baltimore *Sun*. They're so good they don't need symbols. A cartoon should be a kick in the pants, and all these men, including Low, hit the bull's-eye."



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WHEN PIGS FLY

—Low in The Nation

Against—Nelson Harding, whose pen and ink jabs sprawl over the Hearst papers throughout the country, reflecting the changing political philosophies of their publisher, said he had never heard of Low. The English cartoonist had remarked that he hadn't seen Harding's work for at least ten years, but, as he remembered, "it showed promise."

Harding was not surprized that Low had some fault to find with American cartoonists: "As soon as any Englishman lands, he starts knocking something."

S. J. Woolf, who has drawn notables all over the world, including many of the same subjects that Low has caricatured, such as Mussolini and G. B. Shaw, berated the Englishman for his views.

"I think Mr. Low is in no position to criticize American cartoonists. I have great admiration for him and his work, but I don't think he understands the temper of the American people. He doesn't know what appeals to them. If Thomas Nast, whom Mr. Low so admires, were alive and drawing to-day, I doubt whether Mr. Low would appreciate him, anyhow."

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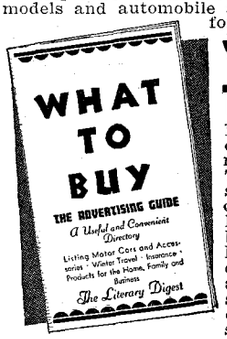

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Off-Side

Beard—Being only five feet, one inch tall and possessing a beard five feet, six inches long, Maojiro Kato, Japanese hardware dealer, has a decided problem in not tripping over himself. To make matters easier, he now carries a handbag and stuffs the ends of his flowing white whiskers in it.

* * *

Chefs—Miss M. Olive Neal, teacher at Fosdick-Masten High School, Buffalo, New York, rates her sixteen male cooking students above the girls. Some of them are from the football and other athletic squads. "They get right down to business," the teacher said, "and don't fuss around like the girls."

* * *

Globe-trotter—A recent visitor to La Tuque, Canada, was sixty-nine-year-old Jean de Vaudreuil Manchot, of Brussels, Belgium. Since 1920, he has been walking around the world, at an average pace of twenty miles daily. He expects to complete his trip in another two years.

* * *

Slice—Edward Boehm, of Kansas City, spectacular half-back of a team of white youths that was playing a Negro team, started an end run. He met, not tackle, but a razor. With a grunt of satisfaction, one of the colored linesmen disposed of Boehm for the rest of the day.

* * *

Rocker—Armand Vezina, of Montreal, claims the world title of champion in rocking-chair circles. He maintains he once rocked eighty-eight hours without a break and in the past five months has covered 50,000 miles going backwards, forwards, up and down.

* * *

Fashion—Mrs. Katherine B. Nugent, of Los Angeles, believes in smart clothes for fleas. "My pet Pekingese, Hi-Chi, supplies the fleas," she explained, "and I supply the patience." With the aid of a powerful microscope, she attires them in fine silk tissue.

* * *

Housewives—At the Convention of Ontario bakers, Canadian housewives said commercial pies weren't very good, cakes were little better, buns were "not bad." "The only time I ever took a baker's pie home, our dog had a good feed," snapped one irate woman.

* * *

Miracle—After having been blind for thirteen years Levi Bates, sixty-seven, of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, awoke one morning recently, able to see again. The first thing he did was to take a six-block walk.

* * *

Romeo—San Francisco court records disclosed that Samuel Frank corresponded with 13,000 women, obtaining loans from many on the promise of marriage. Convicted of mail fraud, he was sentenced to a five-year prison term and a $1,000 fine.

* * *

Biter—Edwin A. Egley, farmer, of San Diego, California, bit into a plug of tobacco, found a nail. He went to court and was awarded enough money for five artificial teeth and a six months' supply of eating-tobacco.

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Parade

"I'm going to teach Manhattan society how to milk cows," announced **Elsa Maxwell**, international society party-arranger. After passing the summer in Austria, she said she had "really planned something new for society this winter." Her most important entertainment stunt will be "a dairy-party" to which notables will be asked to supply a rural note. "I'm a changed character," she added. "I may even go back to a farm."

* * *

Speaking of her new fiancé, Vivian Jackson, thirty-year-old Professor of Astrophysics at London University, **Peggy Hopkins Joyce** defended his amateur status as a jockey. "He's really a dear," she said, "and you can tell he's an amateur because—well, because he finished only twentieth in a field of twenty riders the other day."

* * *

Eugene O'Neill, American playwright, won the 1936 Nobel Prize for Literature. Second American to win this distinction and three times winner of the Pulitzer Prize, the dramatist, now in Seattle, Washington, is working on eight new plays which the Theatre Guild will produce. "It's simply swell for the American theater," exclaimed George Jean Nathan, critic.

* * *

Hollywood conquered Wimbledon when **Fred Perry** turned tennis professional. Signing a contract which, it is said, will net him $100,000, the net ace deserted Davis Cup tournaments and decided to settle in Hollywood with his wife, Helen Vinson, film actress.

* * *

"Furs suit me as they are," exclaimed **Elizabeth Hawes**, fashion designer, "except that the value of a fur is not, to me, in its rarity, but in its abstract beauty. I think chinchilla is quite ugly, for instance . . . and gray goat is fine. I've been trying for some time to get a furrier interested in horses . . . some nice big skins . . . one could treat them like a big piece of fabric."

* * *

"What is this 'Mrs. Simpson business'?" queried **Anna Neagle**, English actress, on arriving in the United States. "You Americans certainly have an odd sense of humor, asking a poor girl about some one she never heard of before the middle of the Atlantic. At first I thought it was a game of some sort."

* * *

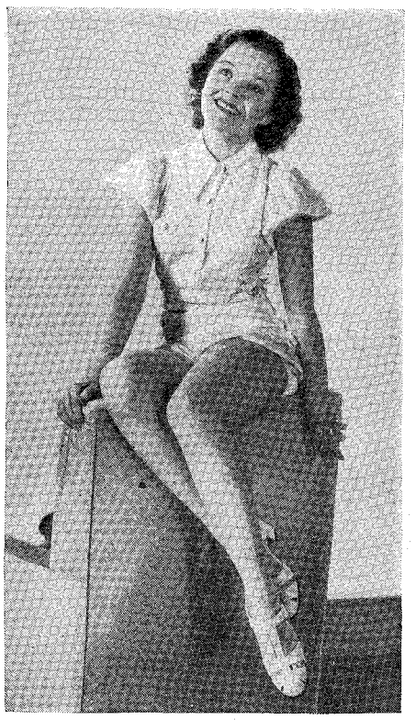
"Good clothes are coming back," maintained **Capt. Edward Molyneux**, Parisian dressmaker. "They will be richer, gayer, less uniform and full of life and color. . . . Energy is in the very air of America . . . it has always affected me."

* * *

Irene Castle McLaughlin, former dancer, admitted she has never been to a hairdresser "since creating quite a sensation with my first bob twenty-two years ago." It was back in 1914. "I love swimming and diving, and, thinking I was to have a vacation of several months, I cut off my hair. It was a grand feeling."

* * *

"Whenever any one points a camera at me, I have time to stay still until the shutter has clicked," murmured **Dixie Dunbar**, film actress. "Long ago, when I was first learning the show business in New York, I found that one way to succeed was to let the public know you were alive."



20th Century-Fox

Dixie Dunbar likes cameras . . . pointed at her

* * *

Débutantes of Buffalo, New York, aspiring to be models, have received four pointers: "1. Arched eyebrows won't make you look like Garbo; you will merely look surprized. 2. Eyebrows should not be the same shape as the eyes. 3. The latest wrinkle in make-up is the powder-brush instead of a powder-puff. (It's more sanitary and efficient.) 4. Your powder should not match your skin."

* * *

"I'm an inlander by birth," declared **Jascha Heifetz**, "but I've always loved the sea." The violinist hopes to win the yacht race from Honolulu to California. Asked in St. Louis if he would wear gloves as skipper of his own yawl, he replied: "Certainly not. You can't be a sailor with gloves on."

* * *

"It seems to me," said **Sherwood Anderson**, author, "that the essential point of living is to draw closer to others and to find out more and more about others . . . life is very difficult . . . imagined life seems a little bit easier."

* * *

According to **Dr. L. J. Steinback**, Dean of Universal Chiropractic College, Pittsburgh, horses, dogs, cats and even pigs surpass the wisdom of human beings in avoiding disease. He suggests rolling on one's back as a health tip.

* * *

"When you have written fourteen novels and people always ask about one, it gets very tiresome," declared **Anne Parrish**, author of "The Perennial Bachelor." On her forty-eighth birthday she said: "I had almost forgotten it. But I do remember that this is my day for a French lesson, and I must hurry off."

* * *

Satisfied that *Santa Claus* was coming to all Americans, **James A. Farley**, Postmaster General, sailed for a vacation in Europe. "The best and the most prosperous in the history of the country," was the way he

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termed Christmas, 1936. "Democrats and Republicans are pulling together to help the President make things even better."

* * *

"People stare, raise their eyebrows and sometimes laugh at me," declared **Janice Porter**, Chicago Civic Opera Company soprano, when explaining her hobby of singing on buses. "But I don't mind, because I like to practise 'most any place."

* * *

Blaming her six-year-old chow dog for her inability to speak better English, **Princess Leila Bederkhan** said she liked America a lot better than England. "The English Government, they do not like dogs," she commented; "therefore, we stay in Paris, all the time, *Boudge* and myself. Me, I want to go to London and maybe learn the language. But in England dogs must be kept in quarantine six months."

* * *

Dreaming that burglars were looking in his window, **Phil F. Cope**, high hurdler, dashed from bed, cleared the ground-floor window in Olympic Games style. The University of Southern California athlete awakened as he crashed to the ground. "Thank goodness, it wasn't a second-story window," said his wife after doctors announced Cope would be in bed for ten days.

* * *

"That is the way to stay in love," declared **Baroness Eva von Blixen-Finecke**, Swedish aviatress, when asked why she came to America and her husband went to Africa. "That makes meeting your husband almost as thrilling an adventure as sitting at the controls of a dirigible." "Would you rather fly or have babies?" asked a reporter. "Why can not I do both?" retorted the Baroness.

* * *

The American superintendent of a school at Chungking, China, was surprized by a pair of recent visitors.

"I am Mrs. Wong, age seventeen," said a determined-looking native girl. "This is my husband. He is only fourteen. He is no good, lazy, and always getting into trouble. Take him in and give him an education so that he may some day be a respectable husband."

"The people of Holland are beside themselves with joy," commented **Mrs. Jo van Ammers-Kuller**, Dutch author. "A spirit of youth, of happiness, seems to have possessed itself of the country. Wherever the betrothed Prince and Princess go, there's merrymaking; not the conventional holiday of a royal visit, but real, spontaneous popular gaiety."

* * *

According to **John O'Meara**, Chicago's instructor of table service etiquette, no waitress should be allowed to wear red finger-nail polish. "Polish is impossible and sickening," he stated. "The expert must be attired in good taste, and red finger-nails definitely are as objectionable as black ones."

* * *

"The machine has in every respect been a fairy godmother to the toiler," stated **Dr. James Shelby Thomas**, President of Clarkson College of Technology. "And there is no fear that it will become a Frankenstein monster which will eventually destroy man, its creator."

* * *

The French Academy (of letters, art, science, statesmanship and religion) elected three new members. There was no vote reached for the fortieth member. Those elected were **Admiral Lucien Lacaze**, former Naval Chief of Staff; **Monsignor Gente**, Bishop of Le Mans, and **Jacques de Lacretelle**, novelist.

* *

To visit her five children, thirty grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, all in this country, **Mrs. Anna di Massa Agnese**, eighty-one, crossed from Naples on the liner *Rex*. In the little Italian town of Ischia, she left two children and thirteen grandchildren.

* * *

"I'm a radio fan and I don't care who knows it," asserted **Binnie Barnes**, English star now in Hollywood. Starting as "an American cow-girl," in Australia, the player has also been a dairymaid and a keeper of kennels for wealthy Englishmen. Friends assert Miss Barnes has crammed a more varied career behind her than any other actress in the film capital.

Universal

Binnie Barnes: "I'm a radio fan and I don't care who knows it"

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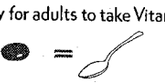

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GANG-BUSTING BY "AMERICAN AGENT"

Melvin Purvis Describes His Experiences and Work of FBI

Every time the twenty-second of the month rolls around, Melvin Horace Purvis wonders what's going to happen. On that date this month, the erstwhile head man of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Chicago bureau may pick up the Sunday newspapers to read reviewers' opinions of "American Agent," his first book, published this week. (Doubleday, Doran; $2.75.)

Twenty-two is an ominous number for the jockey-built Carolinian with the soft voice and cold black eyes, who accomplished more in three years in ridding the "Midwest murder-belt" of major criminals than all the local police forces had in as many decades.

Dillinger—On April 22, 1934, his men ambushed John Dillinger and four companions at Little Bohemia, a North Wisconsin forest resort. The outlaws shot their way out, killing one FBI man while "Little Mel" traded shots with "Baby Face" Nelson.

On July 22, 1934, his "knees wouldn't stay still" as he headed a group of American agents from his Chicago office in front of a West Side motion-picture theater. Their "hot" tip was that Dillinger was inside. Purvis writes:

"All of a sudden, a crowd began leaving the theater. I stood with my cigar shaking in my mouth, a match torn out of a little paper holder of matches ready to light it."

The outlaw came out with two women "and I struck the match and lit my cigar. The men knew that Dillinger had been identified.

"My heart pounded; a slip might mean failure. . . . Dillinger was surrounded. . . . I was very nervous; it must have been a squeaky voice that called out, 'Stick 'em up, Johnny, we have you surrounded.' "

Three pistols spat fire and lead. Public Enemy No. 1 lay spread-eagled on the pavement, an unfired automatic tightly clutched in death-grip. That was the last great "gang-busting" coup of the FBI; a "kill-crazy" gunman's body on a slab in the morgue had cowed a sullen underworld.

Nelson—On November 22, 1934, Purvis received his first accurate information as to "Baby Face" Nelson's Wisconsin hide-out. Five days later, two of Purvis's men engaged the little machine-gunner in a fight at Barrington, Illinois, and the Federal agents were killed, but not before they had wounded Nelson fatally.

But Purvis's most significant "22" was November 22, 1933, when he took charge of the FBI's Chicago bureau. With a shy, embarrassed grin, he admits he's superstitious. He detests black cats, and the tales of folk-magic that abound in his native hills are fresh in his memory.

Tho red-headed, Purvis otherwise looks—and is—everything except the traditional man-hunter. He's not brawny (weight, 127 pounds), he doesn't have hands like hams (they might be called delicate), no scowls darken his pale face.

His principal hobby, it's true, is target practise, but he's equally fond of an evening romp with his pet spaniel or of hours poring over tomes about the law (he now practises) and economics.

Modern Detectives—Yet he represents to the highest degree the new type of detective which the Federal Government has found so effective since it went into the crime-chasing business in a big way—a college-trained man, grounded in law or accountancy and equipped with brains, courage and bulldog determination.

There are between 600 and 650 of these agents serving the FBI in thirty-seven field offices scattered over key cities and linked to the Washington headquarters maintained by their Director, J. Edgar Hoover. When he took over this Bureau (created 1908), he began running it on a systematic basis.

Each cog in this crime-quelling machine is a man chosen for special qualifications. Eighty per cent. of the applicants are trained for the law or accountancy, but some recruits have had wide experience in crime detection. Applicants must be more than twenty-five, but not more than thirty-five.

Training—First, they must pass a stiff written examination, then oral tests. If they clear these obstacles and a rigid physical examination, they enter a training-school in the Department of Justice Building at Washington, D. C., for three months of concentrated effort.

There are many strange subjects in the curriculum. After lectures on helpful quirks of scientific crime detection, students may train in a gymnasium in boxing and ju-jutsu. In the "Oscar Room" of the FBI crime laboratory, "Oscar" is murdered with monotonous regularity and undergraduate special agents are expected to solve the dummy's death by examining his body and the contents of the room.

Target practise takes up a lot of time and consumes cartons of ammunition. In the basement shooting-gallery, tyro marksmen practise with revolvers, automatic pistols, sawed-off shotguns and submachine-guns, firing at silhouette and bull's-eye targets at fifteen and twenty-five yards.

On outside ranges, they learn to handle regulation Army Springfields. After qualifying as special agents, FBI men must repeat target practise every thirty days.

Science—Once a year, they return from the field to Washington for a month of new training. Science keeps pace with crime, and detectives must keep pace with science. On the job as special agent, FBI men get $3,200 a year, $5 expenses a day when out of the office on assignment and may win pay increases to $3,600 a year. Special agents in charge of field offices seldom receive more than $5,800 a year.

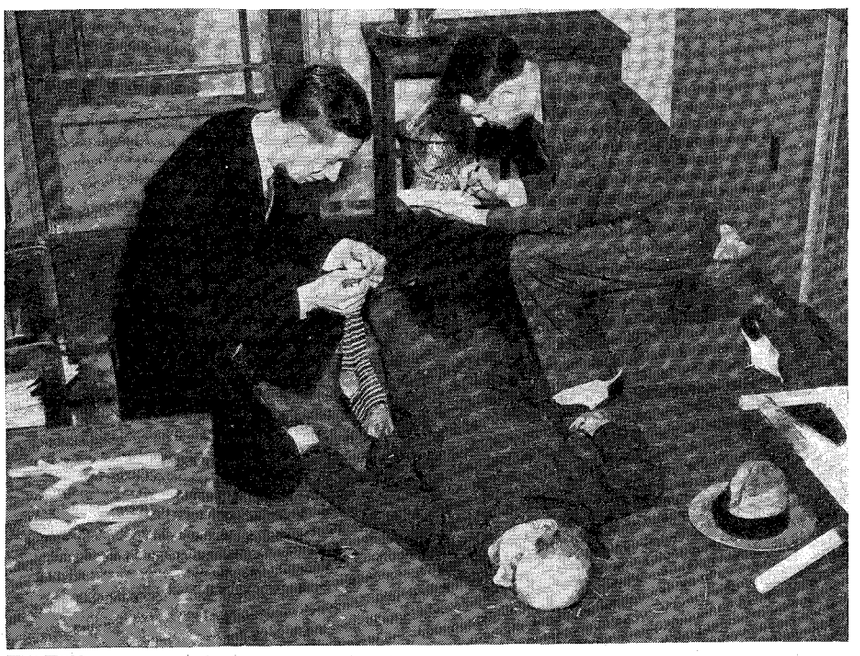
"American Agent" points out how these Federal men destroyed several of the most vicious gangs in criminal history. In these spectacular man-hunts, meticulous science and painstaking following of a thousand clews played stellar parts.

But it all could have been accomplished much more swiftly and with less cost of life had there been greater man-power.

Cost—America's bill for the underworld is countless millions, for Americans forget "that crime is a business, a business for profit; and that beneath the orderly sweep of the nation's life there is a vast subterranean industry with its own shipping clerks and high-powered executives; its own production engineers and carefully plotted outlets."

To smash this industry of crime, Purvis asks more G men.*

"The present annual appropriation for the Federal Bureau of Investigation is $6,025,000; the budget for the entire Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, is $7,762,835,300. The cost, then, of the FBI to the people is 1/1,288 of the total cost of Government, or one-thirteenth of 1 per cent. Is that too much?"



Wide World

"Oscar" is murdered regularly for the benefit of neophyte Federal agents

*"There are many popular misconceptions about the men of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I suppose that nine out of ten people believe that they call themselves G men. As a matter of fact, I have never heard a special agent use the term except as a joke. The term was invented by crooks and popularized by the head-line writers. In crook jargon, the Federal Government is the 'G': hence, special agents are the 'G men.' "

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS

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Introduction by Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley

Covers every subject with which a parent is likely to be confronted, including the education of parents as well as children, with definite plans for improving the understanding between them. Mrs. Reilly is widely known through her nation-wide radio talks.

"Mrs. Reilly's advice is based on her own experience and it is practical in application and entertainingly expressed."—*Boston Globe.*

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Sports

SHOW DOGS: Expensive Pure-Breds Groomed for Annual Indoor Ring Exhibitions

Pacing their performances with the self-conscious dignity of *prima donnas,* and relaxing during *entr'actes* with the nervous garrulity of ingenues, the pick of America's 100,000 pure-bred show dogs this week swung well into the annual coast-to-coast indoor season which comes to a glittering climax in February.

For November alone, first big month of the series of winter stands, fifty-eight shows are billed for the high-priced, carefully-bred animals whose acting in the ring has for years kept the sport far up in the million-dollar-industry bracket.

Definitely not a money-maker to owners who enter their pedigreed dogs and bitches in more than 300 outdoor and indoor shows every year, the sport is strictly in the luxury class.

Expense—For the first six months of this year, the American Kennel Club estimates, overhead expenses for show dogs either active or in training amounted to $18,200,000. Last year, for the same period, owners spent $13,650,000 to maintain 75,000 dogs.

During the full season, the A.K.C. has found, the average show dog competes thirty times, traveling approximately 100 miles on each junket. At that rate, a man driving his car 500 miles a day would take more than 1,643 years to equal the combined mileage covered by the dogs.

Since most show dogs are taken around the circuit in cars, the dog-show game means, to the automotive and associated industries, a revenue for the next twelve months of more than $9,000,000.

Altho qualified to compete in recognized shows by virtue of their registration with the A.K.C., only 100,000 of the 650,000 registered pure-breds do participate. All told, pure-bred dogs in this country are worth about $60,000,000, an increase of $20,000,000 over last year.

To keep that $60,000,000 investment intact and healthy, owners spent, from January through June this year, $30,286,392.50. As voracious as their mongrel cousins, the pure-breds gobbled food worth $8,057,595, and rifled their possessors' wallets of $4,028,797.50 for medicines, mineral oils and antiseptics.

Prizes—Because the cash prizes offered in shows every year total probably less than $200,000, owners can not hope to meet expenses, much less show a profit for their kennels from ring winnings. But winning a championship rating considerably enhances a dog's sale and stud value.

As in the case of horses or jewels whose owners do not wish to sell them, dog-fanciers' appraisals of their property are usually greatly exaggerated. But Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, a Russian wolfhound who last year won the A.K.C.'s $250 prize for the American-bred dog placing first in the greatest number of "variety groups," would probably bring $10,000 if offered for sale.

Rating the dogs on the basis of conformity to ideal specifications of length, set, proportions, stance and a swarm of other characteristics, the 1,200 men and women licensed judges in America pick

SPRAINED BACK while coaching

Takes own medicine relieves pain with Absorbine Jr.

WHILE coaching his team, H.P.*of Detroit, accidentally sprained his back and suffered acute pain.

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**Based on actual letter in our files*

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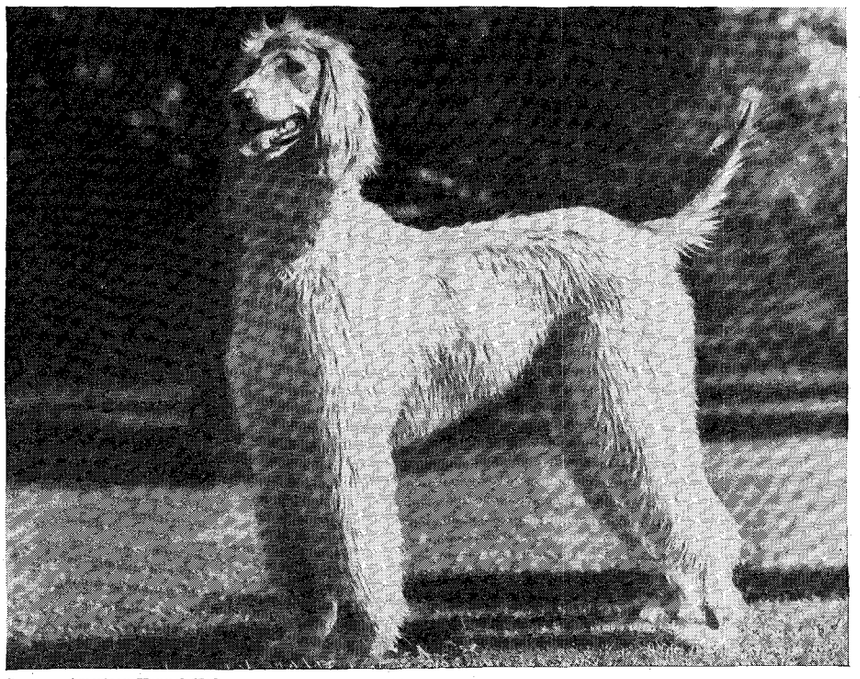
winners in each breed. Winning in an authorized show entitles a dog or bitch to championship points based on the number of entries in that breed.

By winning fifteen points, a dog becomes a Champion of Record, provided that six or more have been won at two shows with a rating of three or more championship points each, and under two different judges. At least one of the remaining points must be won under still different judges.

Intelligence—Not content with rating their pure-bred pets solely on appearance, owners this year have expressed mild interest in the new "intelligence tests." So far, sixty-four dogs of twenty-four different breeds have competed in ten tests of their ability to respond to commands.

Only fourteen canine scholars have won their C.D. (Companion Dog) degree. Most intelligent students to date are the standard poodles. Sixteen took the examination and only eight flunked, as contrasted with fifteen tries and thirteen failures for German shepherds.



Courtesy American Kennel Club

The fleet Afghan hound is used for hunting leopard or coursing gazelle

No dog has yet won a C.D.X. (Companion Dog Excellent) certificate, because no tests have been held. To qualify as a C.D.X., a C.D. must twice score 200 or more points in tests against at least six other diploma-holders.

In their first year under American Kennel Club regulations, obedience tests have been held at the rate of one for every fifteen all-breed shows.

Entries—Because of the increasing rarity of some types of dogs, not all of the 107 breeds recognized by the A.K.C. are represented in the show ring. At the sixtieth annual Westminster Kennel Club show last February, the largest entry list in its history (2,920) was drawn from eighty-five breeds.

Dachshunde, with 179, led the list for the second straight time. Otterhounds, Giant *Schnauzers,* and Maltese each had one entry.

No upstart products of dog-breeders' imaginations, twenty-four of the recognized breeds claim origin previous to the Christian era. And four of them testify to an ancient knowledge of stream-lining dating back more than 8,000 years.

Rated the fastest breeds of dog in the world, the *Saluki,* Afghan hound, greyhound and Russian wolfhound were originally bred for speed in hunting. Ancient tablets and relics of 6500 B.C. reveal dogs startlingly similar to these four. History records that these hunting-dogs were the only ones allowed inside the tents and houses of early Persians, Arabians and Egyptians. Others were stoned away.

Fleetness—Through this anti-A.S.P.C.A. practise, ancient dog-breeders developed the *Saluki,* whose flowing lines offer no wind-resisting breaks from tip to tail, into a stream-lined hunter credited with being the only breed fleet enough to bring down a gazelle, supposedly fastest wild animal.

Somewhat more numerous than the *Saluki,* the Afghan hound is a long-haired, pointed-nosed dog whose long hind legs vaguely resemble those of a sprinter clad in sweat-pants. In a papyrus document dated between 3000 and 4000 B.C. and found on the Peninsula of Sinai in Afghanistan, the dog is referred to as *cynocephalus,* which, freely translated, means "monkey-faced hound." It still retains a faint suggestion of a baboon.

Brought to England by British Army officers returning after the World War, the Afghan is highly popular in Europe. In India, Persia and Arabia, where it is increasing rapidly, it is used for hunting leopards or coursing gazelles and rabbits.

Ancient Breeds—Built on a sturdier scale to cope with tougher, slower quarry, the Norwegian elkhound dates back to 4500 B.C. The Maltese, a diminutive lap-dog, has been traced to the Island of Melita in 3500 B.C., antedating by 500 years the chow, great Dane, mastiff, Pekingese and pug.

Other breeds claiming origin previous to the Christian era are the great Pyrenees and the Newfoundland, Cardigan Welsh and Pembroke Welsh corgi, Samoyede, Japanese, Mexican hairless, Rottweiler, St. Bernard, beagle, English foxhound, and the harrier.

Most recent of the mysterious breeds to attract attention from American dog fanciers is a strange importation from South Africa known as the Rhodesian ridgeback. The ridgeback has not yet been recognized by the American Kennel Club.

Lion Hunter—The dog's name springs from a ridge of hair that runs along its back in the opposite direction to the lay of the coat. Believed by some authorities to be a cross between the Cuban bloodhound and the Hottentot hunting-dog, the Rhodesian ridgeback first came into prominence in South Africa fifty years ago, and is widely used there to help lion hunters.

Ranging from twenty-four to twenty-six inches at the shoulder, and weighing about sixty pounds, the breed's brains and agility make it useful in keeping lions at bay for hunters. Other lion-hunting dogs are usually too timid to be useful, or so courageous that they are killed.

Most popular of all pure-bred dogs in the United States, and therefore a heavy show-entrant, is the cocker spaniel. Last year the cocker stole the popularity title from the Boston terrier, which had led all breeds for seven years straight.

BADMINTON: Ancient Game of Skill and Speed Shows Rapid Growth in U. S.

Savagely pelting frail rackets against small, feathered disks whose bobbling gyrations resemble the erratic flight of a sorely-wounded duck, unestimated thousands of Americans have this month returned to their assault on badminton "birds" with a vigor that belies its erstwhile reputation as a "sissy" sport and with a fanaticism that promises to rank it before long as the most popular of all court games.

Because, previous to this year, there has never been an organization to control activities of the game, no accurate estimate has been made of the number of men and women who have taken up the sport in this country. Probably the figure runs well past 30,000.

Whatever the figure, sporting-goods manufacturers report sales increases up to 400 per cent. within the past two years, and gleefully anticipate that badminton will soon furnish the outlet for their biggest manufacturing investment in years.

Origin—Centuries old, the game took a long time finding a wide audience in America. Wealthy social lights, impressed by the fact that the Duke of Beaufort had lionized it when it came from India to England in 1873, and christened it after his Gloucestershire estate, dabbled with badminton thereafter in a mild and gentlemanly way. Three years ago, it really caught the popular fancy.

Fundamentally, the game is the same as it was when British Army officers took it up under the Indian name of *poona.* Probably it has changed little from the sport which, ancient friezes indicate, occupied the idle hours of ill-fated Pompeians long ago.

Somewhat similar to tennis in that it involves a net and a racket, or bat, badminton's missile is a light, wooden disk about the size of a lemon cut in half, and called a "bird" or "shuttlecock" because it bristles with sixteen goose-feathers—Czechoslovakian goose-feathers, because

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U. S. national champion: "Jess" Willard

only in that country can manufacturers get sufficiently strong, supple and oily ones.

Scoring—Unlike tennis in that the playing court is almost half as big and the net much higher, badminton requires every shot to be a volley. Players score points only on their own service. And fifteen points constitute a game.

Essentially the strokes are the same as in tennis, altho professional tutors have recently been tending to develop the short, slashing wrist movement similar to that employed in squash rackets. The long sweep, they say, is waste motion.

No game for the leisurely croquet-playing set, badminton takes stamina, speed and agility. And cleverness as well, for in introducing the feinting and hesitation shots, badminton experts have evolved a tricky, deceptive brand of play even more spectacular, in its way, than that of tennis.

The feathers make badminton's bird an unpredictable object in a high wind. Consequently the game is played almost entirely indoors. Manufacturers still haven't been able to develop an outdoor "bird" capable of navigating evenly enough for tournament play.

Pacific Coast champion: Bill Hurley

Growth—Explaining the rapid growth of badminton's popularity, promoters point out that it can be played almost anywhere, that it is easy to learn, that it gives twice as potent a work-out as tennis in the same time, and, finally, that it is inexpensive. Complete sets for beginners retail for less than $5. And few private clubs charge more than $50 annual dues.

Like many other American sports, the groundwork for the game's growth has been laid by professionals with the idea of getting the patronage of amateurs. Of the pros pioneering the country with demonstrations, motion-pictures and general information, probably none has done more than George E. ("Jess") Willard, rated America's national champion.

Born in Dallas, Oregon, Willard moved to Boston, Massachusetts, and took up badminton in 1921 to amuse his physical culture students. He found it much harder on the wind and legs than he anticipated, and decided to "major" in it. Within a year he had beaten everybody worth beating around Boston. By 1925, he was recognized as the national professional champion.

Champions—Rated second to a Canadian player, Jack Purcell, who holds the world's championship, Willard has won two of his five matches with Purcell. Currently he is concentrating on a series of stage appearances in which he plays exhibition matches with Bill Hurley, twenty-eight-year-old Pacific Coast champion. Rated in the professional game's first four with Willard, Purcell and Hurley is Kenneth Davidson, an Englishman.

In the number and ability of players, the United States still ranks, Willard says, far below England and Canada. With the formation this year of the National Badminton Association, which will hold its first championship in Chicago in April, and the growing interest in the game, America may eventually get its share of the international spotlight.

Typical of the growth of badminton is its career in New England. Fifteen years ago, there were only two courts. To-day, there are more than 2,000. But most of America's best amateurs come from the West Coast or from border States where Canadian coaching is available. Chet Goss and Don Eversol, whom Willard rates among the first five, live in Los Angeles. Walter Kramer, probably the most promising of the younger amateurs, plays in Detroit.

Abroad—Played more or less intensively in every country in the world, badminton has reached its highest development in Canada. There, 15,000 players are under jurisdiction of the Canadian Badminton Association. And in Toronto alone there are 10,000 active followers of the sport.

In England there are more than 1,500 member clubs of the Great Britain Badminton Association, with a total playing membership of close to 250,000. Including the thousands of Britons who indulge occasionally in the game without the Association's benediction, the total army of bird-swatters is probably 500,000.

Two years ago, there was enough European interest in the game to warrant forming the International Badminton Association, organized, with a fine sense of impartiality, in London, on July 4. The Association has not only helped spread the game through Europe. It has taken it back to India, where it originated.

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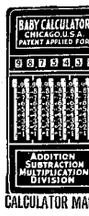

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RISE IN DIVIDENDS, BONUSES, WAGES

Profit Distributions for Year Likely to Reach Three Billions

For labor: fatter pay envelops, tidy year-end bonuses. For capital: increased dividend rates, plump extra dividends sliced from company surpluses. Daily last week, a barrage of newspaper head-lines proclaimed the rising flood of such distributions of corporation cash, promised continuation of the flood during the next six weeks, made "Happy Days Are Here Again" a timely theme-song for the season.

As had already been done by the big steel companies and leading meat-packers, by Chrysler Motors and Standard Oil of New Jersey, a score of other major corporations, twice as many minor ones, made cheering post-Election announcements.

Most noteworthy were:

General Motors will divide a $10,000,000 Christmas bonus among its workers ($35 to $60 for each), will advance wages 5 cents an hour for 200,000.

Youngstown Sheet & Tube and National Tube will add 9 and 10 per cent. to the pay of 20,000 in Ohio.

American Woolen will give a general 10 per cent. pay increase to 13,500 in Massachusetts. In all, mills representing 75 per cent. of the wool textile industry, employing 100,000, will make this advance.

Eastman Kodak will distribute $2,220,000, an increase of $1,000,000 over a bonus paid in July.

Collins & Aikman (upholstery fabrics) will increase all wages 10 per cent.

Simmons Co. (beds, mattresses) will divide $300,000 among 12,000 workers.

Cutler-Hammer (electrical devices) will pay out $225,000 in bonuses (2 to 6 per cent.).

Columbian Carbon will pay $50 to every regular employee.

Celanese Corporation will raise wages 10 per cent. for more than 9,000 in Maryland.

Du Pont and **United States Rubber** will make general upward wage adjustments.

The full list for the week was a long one. All in all, the first ten days following the Election saw more than $200,000,000 added to annual industrial corporation pay-rolls to benefit perhaps 850,000 workers. Clearly indicated at the same time was a substantial total of additional wage advances in the early future, a much wider sharing with labor of the fruits of industrial recovery, a material expansion of buying power.

Dividends—No less impressive than wage increases were coincident announcements of bigger and better corporation dividends to myriad shareholders. Outstanding were:

General Motors's $1.50 a share ($65,250,000), making $4.50 for the year. (Since du Pont owns 10,000,000 shares of General Motors, a large distribution by du Pont was so foreshadowed.)

Chrysler Corporation's $5.50 a share, making $12 for the year. (In 1932 Chrysler stock sold for $5 a share in the market.)

Gulf Oil's planned 100 per cent., payable in stock. This will double the Mellon-controlled company's 4,800,000-share capitalization.

Columbian Carbon's $1.25, **New York Air Brake's** $1.50, **Eastman Kodak's** $0.75 a share, all "special" payments.

Libby, McNeill & Libby's $1 a common share, first dividend since 1921, frankly declared with purpose to avoid payment of Federal taxes on undistributed profits.

Altho unadmitted, similar purpose is implicit in most of the other extraordinary dividend declarations.

So influenced, extra dividends paid during the current fourth quarter of 1936 are expected to total $300,000,000, dividend increases to total $200,000,000. Some estimates are much larger. Swollen by these, total dividend payments will approach $1,000,000,000 for the quarter. For the full year, the aggregate will approximate $3,000,000,000. It will be greatest in the country's history, slightly topping the record set in 1929.

But while motivated to a great degree by the Federal surtaxes, such enlarged returns to share owners are nevertheless basically indicative of sharply improved corporate earnings.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS:

Financier Who Prospered Favors Greater U. S. Control

In the dusty-walled hearing-room of the Securities and Exchange Commission's quarters in Washington last week, Robert Lehman, No. 2 on Tommy Hitchcock's 1934 Sands Point (Long Island) polo team, and President of the $100,000,000 Lehman Corporation, cleared his throat and sturdily waded into a prepared statement.

Investment trust presidents' statements usually gravitate to the back pages of newspapers along with Stock Exchange tables and commodity market reports. Robert Lehman's words, however, made page-one news. The banker urged wider Government control of investment trusts; and when a prominent Wall Street figure invites Government regulation of Wall Street activities, it is undeniably news.

Pictures, Inc.

Robert Lehman, investment trust expert

The financier (he is a nephew of New York State's Governor, Herbert Lehman, and son of Philip Lehman, patriarch and senior partner of the banking house of Lehman Brothers) recommended that the SEC require investment trusts to shed bright and frequent light on their transactions and the transactions of their officers and sponsors. Specifically Lehman suggested regular quarterly reports, publicly filed, and a standardized accounting-system to be evolved with the aid of the SEC.

Inquiry—Observers had little doubt that investment trust legislation embodying these suggestions and others even more severe would be enacted by Congress early next year. To make the lawmakers' task easier, the SEC sped the investigation which it had launched early this spring, promised to have its recommendations on Congressmen's desks on January 5.

Already the Commission had fired ninety-page questionnaires at some 900 investment companies. Already also, Commissioner Robert E. Healy, Counsel David Shenker and other SEC men had delved into the affairs of forty trusts, assets of which aggregated half a billion dollars; fifty more were to be quizzed before the investigation ends.

Essentially the investment trust is a company which deals in the securities of other companies. It blossomed during the bullish Coolidge and Hoover days, soon flowered into a six-billion-dollar industry numbering more than 600 companies.

Stock market followers of the lively '20s opened their arms and purses to it. By buying shares in an investment trust they were actually buying shares in a desirable bundle of blue-chip stocks. Not only that, but they were also buying select managerial brains which would apply the insider's skill to trading securities and build profits for shareholders. So ran the sales talk. Shares of such investment companies as the Shenandoah, Blue Ridge, Tri-Continental were gobbled up even before their initial offerings were publicly announced.

Toboggan—The momentous toboggan slide of security prices in the fall of 1929 melted asset values behind investment trust shares. From their six billion total in 1929, they shrank to two billions.

With two notable exceptions, investment trusts underwent liquidation, mergers, consolidations. The two notable exceptions were the then obscure Atlas Corporation and the House of Lehman's sizable Lehman Corporation.

In 1923 the $50,000 Atlas Corporation was a small side-line and hobby of Floyd Bostwick Odlum, then Vice-President and legal backbone of Electric Bond and Share, giant utility holding company. To-day Atlas Corporation is the biggest investment trust in America, holds net assets of more than $100,000,000. Also it is a management company which influences the Greyhound Transcontinental Bus Lines, the Mississippi Valley Barge Line, the Albert Pick Co. (kitchen-ware, china, glassware), the Hotel New Yorker (one of New York's biggest) and others.

Atlas grew to its present stature during the depression. Which is to say that Floyd B. Odlum grew to his present stature during the depression, for to Wall Street the Atlas Corporation is Odlum. Early in 1929

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What 12 Stocks Do Experts Favor?

DURING the past four weeks the stock recommendations of leading financial authorities have centered about 12 issues. The names of these favored stocks and the prices at which they are recommended are given in the current UNITED OPINION Bulletin.

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he ran his eye up and down the published stock quotations and noted mentally that they were fantastic. That summer he cautiously unloaded Atlas's portfolio of securities at boom prices, converted the company's assets into cash and short-term, liquid obligations.

Bargains—Then, when security prices collapsed, there was Odlum with $14,000,000, and an appetite for depression bargains. The bargains Odlum chose to pick up were not deflated industrial securities but the shares of other investment companies. Because public confidence in investment trust management vanished almost completely, such shares sold at prices well below the value of the asset securities behind them.

With cash and with shares in Atlas, Odlum gained control of more than a score of investment companies. Soon Wall Street chanted: "There, little investment trust, don't you cry, Atlas will get you by and by." As recovery swelled security values, Odlum and Atlas rode the wave to the top of the investment trust heap.

The Lehman Corporation management wrote no such spectacular saga. But the company was able to tell SEC inquisitors last week that stockholders who paid $104 for one share of Lehman Corporation stock on September 25, 1929, now have a share with a net asset value of $134, an appreciation of 29 per cent. Which is a notable appreciation indeed, considering that the average for ninety stocks, compiled by *Standard Statistics*, is now 42.7 per cent. lower in value than on September 25, 1929.

FOREIGN FUNDS: Roosevelt Fearful as Inflow to U. S. Reaches Seven Billions

Foreign buying of American stocks and bonds has become a menace. Foreign investment of more than seven billion dollars in American securities and credits is a standing threat to their stability, to the whole financial situation.

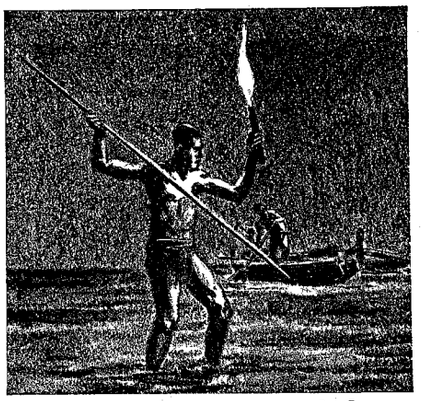
Such was the view of President Franklin D. Roosevelt last week as he disclosed his purpose to check and control it by Federal regulation.

Surprized by the President's pronouncement, sober Wall Street men were of different minds as to its wisdom and timeliness; agreed, however, as to the facts.

European investments in the United States have increased steadily during the past eighteen months, and have been notably heavy since the Election. Actually, they have now become greater than at any time since the outbreak of the World War. Therefore, the American markets have become more vulnerable to a withdrawal of foreign capital than they have been since August, 1914, when the menace of European liquidation forced the closing of the Exchanges for five months.

Possibility—Thus, as the President pointed out, another dangerous situation might now arise if foreign investments were suddenly dumped upon the market. Beyond that, he saw possible disruption of the recently established international monetary accord. He thought existing Federal Reserve Board and Securities and Exchange Commission powers insufficient to deal with the situation, believed additional legislation necessary, disclosed preparatory studies by Federal bureaus.

Dissenting bankers thought the Presidential fears exaggerated. They saw little



Getting Breakfast

To a native Hawaiian Islander, the first step toward getting breakfast is to catch his fish. This he does at night with a spear and a torch. Smart women on both Island and Mainland have learned that the first step to a perfect breakfast is to open a can of Dole Pineapple Juice.

Morning doldrums disappear with your first taste of Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. Gloriously golden and fragrant, Dole Pineapple Juice is as refreshing as a dip in the Pacific. It's natural and unsweetened. The Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process assures your getting juice with the true pineapple flavor and tang. Start breakfast now—by ordering Dole Pineapple Juice from your grocer.

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likelihood of a recall of foreign capital, saw great probability of continued inflow. They regarded the present situation as different from that of 1914, in view of the nation's enormous hoard of gold, of the Treasury's stabilization fund, of new Federal control of credit, loan margins, Stock Market operations. They held that a great volume of capital could be returned to Europe without serious deflationary effect in America.

By current estimate, Europe's long-term investments in America now aggregate $5,700,000,000, its short-term balances $1,300,000,000. As indicated by the three-year inflow of nearly $4,000,000,000 gold, the investing has been going on steadily since the dollar was stabilized in 1934. Some part of it has represented a repatriation of American capital, but far more has been a flight of European capital to a refuge from devaluation and war dangers.

Factors—Within the past few months, however, no small part of Europe's buying orders in Wall Street has really been for American account, has represented investment or speculative operations of American individuals and interests who had found it easier and cheaper to finance their ventures abroad than at home.

Federal regulations which restrict bank loans on securities to 45 per cent. of their value are now seriously restrictive in comparison with the liberality of unregulated British and European bankers as to collateral values. Therefore many an American financier has of late been buying securities through London, has had them carried by British banks, has so given his investment or speculation the appearance of a foreign operation in American securities. Notably since the recent Roosevelt victory at the polls, such buying has been heavy enough to intensify Washington distrust of the foreign investment total.

CHRISTMAS CLUB: Twenty-Six-Year-Old Plan to Pay Out $350,000,000 This Season

Into tellers' cages in 5,500 banks this year one out of every eighteen Americans had weekly pushed quarters, half-dollars, greenbacks. Last week they withdrew an aggregate $350,000,000 so cashed against Christmas and other year-end needs.

For converting these and other ordinarily lavish Americans into provident week-to-week savers, bankers thank extraordinary American salesmanship. Specifically they thank Herbert F. Rawll, founder and President of Christmas Club, a Corporation.

Founder—Twenty-six years ago Rawll bustled into the Carlisle Trust Co., of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Under his arm he carried a loose-leaf ledger, the then recent invention of his employers, the Baker-Vawter Co. (since absorbed by Remington-Rand). In his head the slim, twenty-eight-year-old "drummer" carried a brisk sales talk. But instead of selling to the Carlisle Trust Co., he bought.

What he bought was permission to distribute the Christmas savings club idea invented two months before by the bank's cashier, Merkel Landis. Since ideas must take physical form to receive legal protection against encroachment, Landis had translated his Christmas Club plan into a 14-by-14-inch coupon sheet. The club member paid in his nickel, dime or quarter, received a coupon receipt ripped from the sheet. The sheet diminished as the week-to-week savings grew. During the last week in November the depositor turned in his stack of coupons, received his Christmas Club check. Young Rawll and Landis made a deal. Rawll took the selling job off the cashier's hands, agreed to pay him a royalty for each coupon sheet sold.

Promptly Rawll quit his job as loose-leaf ledger drummer, rolled up his sleeves to sell Christmas Clubs.

Promotion—Since Christmas Club funds remain in banks a relatively short time, bankers earn no money on them. However, they consider the Christmas Club a smart promotion idea to attract small depositors to banks, to make permanent savers of them.

But bankers in 1910 abhorred promotion, considered it unworthy of their dignified calling. To break the ice, Rawll worked fast and thought faster.

Underwood & Underwood

Christmas Club "Santa": Herbert F. Rawll

In a Mount Vernon, New York, bank a board chairman whom Rawll was soliciting drew himself to his full six feet, declared: "Young man, your five-cent, nickelodeon claptrap idea would make us the laughing stock of the community."

But Rawll led the banker to the institution's door, pointed to a sign posted before a near-by church which read "Come to Worship."

"If a house of God advertises to promote worship," he argued, "why can't a bank advertise to promote thrift, certainly a godly virtue?"

The banker signed a contract.

First 100—Because other bankers could not see how an outlay of funds to attract Christmas Club members could pay for itself, the first 100 contracts were the hardest. Young Rawll obtained them by convincing bankers they risked not their own money but Rawll's.

The Christmas Club promoter circularized the neighborhood with broadsides urging membership in Christmas Clubs. He bought advertising space in the local newspaper, on the screen of the local picture show. In addition he supplied coupon-forms to simplify the bank's Christmas Club bookkeeping. On each Christmas Club member so gained, Rawll took a fee.

In the first year Rawll organized fifty clubs, grossed $30,000. In 1914 he organized Christmas Club, a Corporation. In 1930 his business reached a peak, grossed $1,250,000. It distributed 225,000,000 blotters, folders, six-color broadsides to communities throughout the land. It took advertising space in the *Saturday Evening Post* and in 100 daily newspapers.

Twelve million Christmas Club depositors in that year received $632,000,000 from 8,000 banks.

Changes—Bank consolidations and closings of the last several years have reduced potential customers for Rawll's Christmas Club. Low interest rates which curtail earnings have caused other banks to abandon the Christmas Club promotion idea. Altho individual banks this year report a 17 per cent. rise in Christmas Club deposits over last year, the total is not proportionately higher because the number of clubs has been reduced. Therefore Rawll's organization this year expects to gross about $526,000.

But the original coupon sheet offered to banks in the first several years of the Christmas Clubs' growth has been abandoned. In its stead Rawll has substituted 39 different methods for handling Christmas Club accounts, including coupon-books, pass-books, cards.

On a percentage arrangement Christmas Club still circularizes the bank's community, pays for advertising. But banks now can waive advertising and circulars, and pay only a flat fee for the accounting paraphernalia. Most usual routine is to place a Christmas Club circular in the envelop containing the depositor's Christmas Club check. Between the last week in November and New Year's, the old depositor gets three reminders to rejoin.

On Christmas Club funds banks once paid interest similar to those paid on savings. Now, however, most banks pay no interest. For receiving the weekly deposits ranging from $1 to $20 some even charge a small service fee.

City Ratings—Washington, D. C., is the best Christmas Club city in the land. There, an army of 120,000 steady wage-earning Government employees and other residents flock to Christmas Clubs. They have established the largest number of accounts *per capita* in the country.

Nantucket, Massachusetts, is the thriftiest Christmas Club city in the land. There, provident Yankees have the highest Christmas Club savings: $15 for each family in the community. (New England has most Christmas Club accounts, the South least.)

Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association of San Francisco is the bank with the largest volume of Christmas Club funds. (Its branches cover California.) For this Yuletide the bank will distribute $7,000,000. The Bank of the Manhattan Co. in New York City will distribute $3,250,000 to 80,000 members.

Checks—Christmas Club checks received throughout the country will average $46.50. Less than half will go for holiday gifts. About 25 per cent. will be turned into permanent savings accounts; 23 per cent. will help pay taxes, insurance premiums, mortgage interest; 2 per cent. will go toward education and travel.

Discovery that Christmas Club funds are not spent for Yuletide purchases alone has given Rawll two new ideas: vacation clubs, tax clubs. Since most employees depend on two weeks' vacation pay to defray expenses, vacation clubs have not prospered as happily as Christmas Clubs.

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Topics in Brief

STEADY, Benito! Hold it, Adolf! It has been a bad autumn for unbeaten teams.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HITLER seems to want a king. The big question is whether the king would want Hitler.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

A MAN at Framingham (Mass.) has been convicted of stealing a mile of New Haven railroad. As traffic picks up under the new rates, a thing like that could become noticeable.—*Barron's.*

NOW THAT we have learned definitely that it is the duty of the King's Proctor to watch gay divorcées, what we'd like to know further is: Who watches the King's Proctor?—*Boston Herald.*

THE THEORY that politics and religion will not mix hasn't been properly tested. In all experiments to date, politics rose to the top because an inferior grade of religion was used.—*Washington Post.*

THE *Journal of the American Medical Association* reports the discovery of a drug that will enable a person to feel warm in cold weather. It is said to be almost as effective as reading the national debt figures. —*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

NEW JERSEY'S Commissioner of Education says it is all right for a teacher to call a student a nitwit if it is done in a friendly way, somehow recalling the situation in Mississippi, where you may call a man a Republican if the epithet is accompanied by a smile.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

THERE HAVE BEEN candidates who would rather be right than be President, but there have been just as many who would rather be wrong than not be.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HOLDING a silver-tongued orator to the facts is an affront to the artist. It is asking Beethoven where he got the statistics in his Fifth Symphony.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A SEER, in introducing a method of fortune-telling with beer-suds, says the results are as accurate as those obtained by reading tea-leaves. No doubt.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

A POLL shows the favored dish at CCC camps to be pork and applesauce. Except for their uniforms, the boys could scarcely be told from Congressmen.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THEY'RE GOING to operate on that West Virginia boy who sees everything in reverse. This seems odd, as so few schoolboys know their lessons backward.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE DALLAS *News* wonders why the word politician has acquired a sinister implication, and we can't imagine with so many of them still on the dexter side.—*Louisville Times.*

A PHYSICIAN recommends standing on the head to cure hiccups. But, doc, a person rarely has a severe attack of hiccups until his condition is such that he can hardly stand on his feet.—*Jacksonville Journal.*

MAJ. GEN. FRANK PARKER says that despite all this military aviation, the next war will be fought in the same old mud. A dose of Brisbane after each meal will cure this poor fellow of what ails him.—*The New Yorker.*

BRITISH WOMAN member of the Prison Commission in London warns girls to always pass up their first proposal. That may be okey-dokey in England, but the gals over here have an innate sense of humor.—*Florida Times Union (Jacksonville).*

FELLOW who looked financially haggard dropped in tother day to acquire 15 cents. His was a simple case of having followed the Washington, D. C., system which "spends to save." He had made the mistake of spending his own money.—*Toledo Blade.*

THERE'S ONE quick and easy way out of the social security muddle. Why not pay the benefits right now, and then, as the President told us about the bonus, old age security would no longer be a future obligation of the United States Government? —*Kansas City Star.*

DISCHARGING eleven ladies arrested for poker playing, a feminine New York magistrate said she didn't know the game but that she considered it no crime to play it. It'd be more than a crime if Her Honor ever naïvely sat in on a session.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

Columnists' Corner

Americanisms: Yankees cheering a Yankee team; Dixie cheering a Dixie team; each team composed of players from Texas, Maine, Utah and Ohio. . . . Hating fascism; wishing we had the power to smash and control those who don't agree with us. . . . Thinking ourselves smarter than any other people; requiring our machines to be made fool-proof.—Robert Quillan in Publishers Syndicate.

Now they would have you believe that a shopper in a down-town bookstore tried to get a copy of "Gone With the Wind," but, having forgotten the title, described it as "that book about air-conditioning."—Eleanor Clarage in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

The report last night was that an efficiency expert who viewed George Abbott's "Sweet River," the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" play, suggested that he could save a lot of dough in the 'Liza escape scene by using midgets and ice-cubes.—Leonard Lyons in the New York *Post.*

A question arises at Princeton how to determine if a football fan is drunk. If he takes a wild swing at another fifteen rows away, it is significant.—H. V. Wade in the Detroit *News.*

"Police Get Woman Away From Phone." Head-line in the Hartford *Courant.* Then it CAN be done!—H. I. Phillips in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

A depression is merely a period in which you can't spend money you haven't got.—Olin Miller in the Atlanta *Journal.*

Mail

(Continued from page 3)

No mention was made, however, of Morris Brown College, Atlanta, Georgia.

The record so far this year: Defeated the powerful Allen University team, those of Shaw University, South Carolina State College and Claflin University. Played a scoreless tie with the famous Morehouse College of Atlanta, Georgia.

We would appreciate recognition of the honor due us. ALLEN R. COOPER.
Albany, Georgia.

[A long cheer for Morris Brown College. One! Two! Three!—*Editor.*]

Sir:—I object!

The first intercollegiate football game in the United States was played in 1869 on the Rutgers University Field, New Brunswick, New Jersey; not at Princeton, New Jersey, as erroneously stated in the October 31 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. The contest was staged on what was then called College Field, on November 6, 1869. ELIAS J. CANDEL.
New Brunswick. Rutgers '39.

[Mr. Candel is correct. And in losing four goals to six to the gentlemen on the banks of the old Raritan, the Princeton students emitted their now celebrated "locomotive": "Tiger, tiger, tiger! Siss, siss, siss! Boom, boom, boom! Ahh!" oldest of all college cheers. Invented by an unknown soldier of New York's famous Seventh Regiment on April 30, 1861, the cheer caught the fancy of Princeton undergraduates who heard it that night as the Seventh passed through the college town on its way to war. They immediately adopted it, have been using it with noisy effectiveness ever since.—*Editor.*]

Anesthesia

Sir:—I read with much interest your article in the October 24 issue on ether as an anesthetic. While humanity will ever be grateful to Doctor Morton for his contribution to the relief of the suffering, I feel that time, the great umpire, will also recognize Dr. Horace Wells, dentist and benefactor of Hartford, Connecticut, who first conceived the grand idea. DR. SAMUEL BERNSTEIN.
Boston.

Hobo Poll

Sir:—Belatedly, because we haven't been able to teach our mail to ride the rods, the Members of Bonafide Hobos Union of the U.S.A. have at hand the returns of our straw vote sent to 239,387 hobos in the United States.

Results: Roosevelt, 117,697 votes; Lemke, 46,072; Thomas, 45,217; Landon, 30,401. According to our figures, Roosevelt will win 39 States and 478 electoral votes.

J. LEON LAZAROWITZ,
Care General Delivery, King of the Hobos.
Massillon, Ohio.

[Our congratulations to King Lazarowitz for the comparative accuracy of his poll, completed before the Election.—*Editor.*]

Traps

Sir:—I want to thank you for the splendid article on trapping which appeared in a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. I am sure that the publicity you have given the subject will do much to arouse a deeper interest in humane trapping. SYDNEY H. COLEMAN,
The American Society for the Prevention
New York City of Cruelty to Animals.

Did You Know—

That some mothers never see the fathers of their children? (See page 23.)

That a woman commands the world's largest standing army? (See page 20.)

Why "Oscar" is murdered again and again? (See page 36.)

How to make people like you? (See page 28.)

Where drinking of milk and liquor is on the increase? (See page 19.)

How the President keeps fit? (See page 22.)

What a dog must do to win a degree? (See page 37.)

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BETWEEN *the* LINES

He Knew Him WHEN!

"How did THE DIGEST find out so many things about Irak?" exclaimed a reader who liked last week's story about Sidki Pasha.

Well, for one thing, we sent a cable to our correspondent in Bagdad; and for another, the man who wrote the article once lived in Mesopotamia, or Irak as it is now known. So the news came from the correspondent, and the background—the color that gave our reader the feel of being there—came out of the writer's own abundant storehouse of experience.

THE DIGEST is justifiably proud of the fact that its Foreign Comment Editors have all lived and worked and studied abroad. Among them, they have known at first hand the whole of Western Europe, Central Europe, Russia, the Balkans, the Near East, North Africa, China, Japan, South America, Central America, India—and a score of half forgotten islands in between.

When one of them writes of the bazaars of Para, the quaint pardons of Quimperlé, the Officers' Club at Hongkong, or the cool white plazas of Santiago de Chile he (or she) paints a realistic picture from memory.

And so it goes with people—the people who rule the world.

Everyone feels that he knows all about the Hitler and Mussolini of today. Not many knew the house-painter who failed so miserably at Munich, or the Socialist Corporal of Milan. THE DIGEST'S Foreign Editor knew them both in those earlier days; knew Edward VIII as a gangling boy officer daubed with the mud of Flanders, knew Leon Blum as the retiring philosopher-gourmet of the Ile Saint-Louis.

There is an old axiom among authors that one cannot write convincingly about things outside the personal experience. Perhaps that is why THE DIGEST'S foreign experts are able to write so intimately and feelingly about people at the other end of the world.

And perhaps that is why THE DIGEST, in this as in other fields, is a leader.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Racy.—A famous old inn claims to own a sixty-year-old cheese. It is, of course, still going strong.—*Everybody's Weekly.*

Handies.—"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf-mute with the hiccups."—*The Trident (Annapolis).*

Munitions Racket.—SHE—"Is there much graft in the Army?"

HE—"Oh, sure. Even the bayonets are fixed."—*West Point Pointer.*

Sew what?—Jassaway Jinks tells of a seamstress who advanced to a job of teaching, lost her job and had to fall back on her needle.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Enthusiasm.—"Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew?"

"Because the cook put everything he had into it."—*The Lookout (Cincinnati).*

Curious.—"Who is that letter from?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"There you are! What do I want to know for? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met."—*C.C.N.Y. Mercury.*

Modern.—GRANDMA—"Would you like to go to the fair and ride in the roundabout, dear?"

MODERN CHILD—"I don't really mind, if it will amuse you."—*Montreal Star.*

Suspense.—OLD LADY (to parachutist)—"I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible."

PARACHUTIST—"No, mum; it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible."—*Boston Transcript.*

Resource.—The bright young pupil looked long and thoughtfully at the second examination question, which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year." Then his brow cleared and he wrote:

"1492—none."—*Utah Humbug.*

Encounter.—The demure young bride, her face a mask of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large childlike eyes to the sedate face of the old minister and said, "That's a hell of a place to put a lily."—*The Job Order.*

Touchy.—Barry Winton remarks that a college boy's definition of a male parent is, "The KIN you love to touch."—*W. S. Farnsworth in the New York Evening Journal.*

Social Security.—"Did you hear about the girl who went to a fancy-dress ball in a suit of armor?"

"No. What happened to her?"

"Nothing!"—*London Opinion.*

Marksmanship.—SI—"Yes sir, Zeke, as sure as I sit here now, I shot that old double-barrel in that flock of ducks and I brung down five of them."

ZEKE (unconcernedly)—"Didn't I ever tell you about me huntin' frogs the other night, fired at one, then five hundred croaked."—*Annapolis Log.*

Wasted Energy.—A gentleman feeling a bit fed up with life decided to commit suicide by hanging himself. A friend came into the room and discovered him standing with a rope round his waist, and he inquired what he was trying to do. The gentleman told him he was taking his own life.

"But," said his friend, "why have you the rope round your waist?"

"Well," said the man, "when I tied it round my neck it was choking me."—*Montreal Star.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Dalai Lama — Tibetan ruler — rimes with *ally mama;* or *dalye' lah'ma.*

Gag—illustrator—rimes with *bog.*

Lopez — President of Colombia — Colombians say *lo'pess.*

MacLeish — American poet — as if written *mack leesh.*

Maurois — French author — pronounced, he says, *more'wah.*

Neihardt—American poet—German values: *nigh'hart.*

Soutar—British novelist—*ou* as in *you: soo'tar.*

Slips That Pass in Type

A special detail of fifty foot patrolmen and ten mounted men, under Inspector L——— R———, was on duty in and outside the Garden. There was no disorder.—*New York City paper.*

A new high in the constabulary.

30 ITALIAN SOLDIERS IN
RADIO MESSAGES TELL
OF BEING MASSACRED
—*Schenectady (N. Y.) paper.*

Dead men telling tales!

General Manager E——— J——— disclosed that in addition to the operas offered last season in England—the "Battered Bride" and Gianni Schichi—there would be two newcomers.—*Winnipeg (Man.) paper.*

Undoubtedly one of the Ring operas.

25c MINT PATTIES 15c
A delicious chocolate covered mint. A treat for the family. Brown and costume colors. Flesh. All neckline styles.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

Chocolates by Chanel?

He fired at her, then turned his pistol on E———, the bullet striking the dead Negro in the chest and killing him almost instantly.—*Natchez (Miss.) paper.*

We'll bet he stayed down the second time.

The judge requested F——— S——— and A. F——— to assist him in stealing all personal property for the sake of security until the will shall have been read.—*Panama City (Panama) paper.*

We suppose that's what they call "Criminal Law."

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SOUND-PROOFED LIKE A BROADCASTING STUDIO

NEW PLYMOUTH

IS COMPLETELY INSULATED—Steel Roof, Sides, Doors and Floor—to keep OUTSIDE Noises OUT! Body Cushioned on Rubber—Safety Interior—Biggest Plymouth Yet!

HEAR A WATCH TICK... noise shut out or absorbed by new, scientific sound-proofing, like a broadcasting studio!

STEEL FOR SAFETY... this Plymouth body is all steel... roof, sides, doors and floor.

HOW PLYMOUTH DID IT

Engineers carefully tracked down all kinds of motoring noise that drum in your ears ... wear your nerves.

Developed five kinds of insulating material... that absorb, shut out or deflect all kinds of noises.

They "sound-proofed" the steel roof, walls, floor and doors of the new Plymouth.

Noise is now shut out or absorbed at every point... just like it's done in a modern radio broadcasting studio.

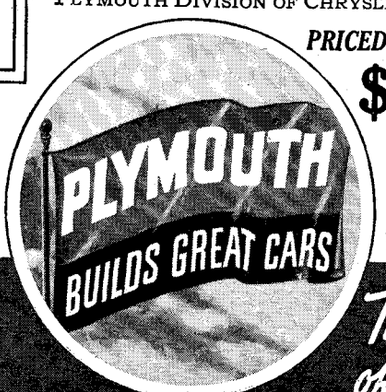
New 1937 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Sedan, $670 list.*

EVERY PART of the new Plymouth body is *sound-proofed*... five kinds of insulation stifle noise! Huge AIRPLANE-TYPE shock-absorbers level out all bumps. The body is pillowed on live rubber.

Also: double-action hydraulic brakes...all-steel body... finger-tip steering...Hypoid rear axle—formerly used only in costly cars ... the sensational new SAFETY INTERIOR... Floating Power engine mountings.

See this BIGGER Plymouth...today's most economical full-size car...at Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealers. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

EASY TO BUY—Plymouth is priced right down with the lowest... and offers convenient payment terms. The Commercial Credit Company offers—through Chrysler, DeSoto and Dodge dealers—terms as low as $25 a month.



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